OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—No. 15

AUGUST 12, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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Justice Sutherland Dissents
By Joseph P. Pollard
For eight years in the majority and author of many of the Supreme Court's opinions, Justice Sutherland is now thrown to the minority side by the new balance of the court. An article by a lawyer.

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WITH OUR READERS

Mr. Woodcock's Enforcement Methods

To the Editor: *Boulder, Colorado*

SIR—The writer takes exception to certain statements by Mr. Gregory under the title, "Mr. Woodcock Sees America," appearing in the OUTLOOK, to the effect that Mr. Woodcock's prohibition policy is to disregard the small fry" and that he trains his army of enforcement agents against the "big shots" exclusively. In the past two months Mr. Woodcock has sent federal under-cover men, commonly known as stool pigeons, into Colorado, and they have entrapped various citizens into violating the law by selling intoxiting liquor to such agents, who then proceed in the usual sportsmanlike fashion of the present federal administration to "turn in" and prosecute the entrapped citizens in the state courts. The writer has personal knowledge of this being done in the recent case of People vs. Brownell, District Court of Boulder County, Colorado, and can supply similar data as to Mr. Woodcock's actual instructions and the operations of his agents, should that be desired.

M. M. RINN.

Prohibition and Conscription

To the Editor: *Hayward, Calif.*

SIR—Why worry about repealing the Eighteenth Amendment? The Supreme Court has ruled that a law is superior to a constitutional amendment. All we need therefore is a new law to supersede the Volstead Act.

When the draft law conflicted with the Thirteenth Amendment the Supreme Court ruled that the Thirteenth Amendment must be disregarded. The Thirteenth Amendment specifically prohibits involuntary servitude and the only difference between the treatment of the slaves in the Florida lumber camps and the conscripts is that in the former case the overseer walks behind them with a whip in one hand and a revolver in the other, while the overseer of the conscripts only carries a revolver. A failure to keep step, to look round over the shoulder or otherwise incur the displeasure of the overseer involves in both cases being shot in the back. Unquestionably conscription conflicts with the Thirteenth Amendment and we are told that that being the case we must disregard the constitutional amendment. Precisely the same reasoning is applicable to the Eighteenth Amendment.

ALICE EVERTON.

Vote on the Moratorium

To the Editor: *Visalia, Calif.*

SIR—In the OUTLOOK dated July 8th I read: 'Mr. Hoover's proposal of June 20th . . . . Mr. Hoover's statesmanlike move . . . . The Hoover plan" and much more that indicates the debt holiday to be a Hoover invention or at least a discovery of his, this in spite of the fact that in February the British House of Commons considered a moratorium on all war debts.

G. L. CHESTER.

Is Business Better?

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—Frank A. Fall certainly is one great optimist. According to him business is doing nothing but spurt continuously. The rest of your magazine, however, does not seem to harmonize with the pronouncements of your eminent business diagnostician. As a result, a perusal of your valuable publication gives me sort of a mixed feeling of both joy and sorrow or, to put it more plainly, a severe pain in the neck, which is very bad in this hot weather.

M. TART.

Cornwallis at Yorktown

To the Editor: *Cincinnati*

SIR—Maybe the reason our government desires to omit much of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis to Washington is because it did not happen. Lord Cornwallis did not surrender to Washington. Neither of these persons were present. Cornwallis was ill and sent an inferior to do the job and for that reason Washington was not willing to receive the surrender in person from the British who had a few thousand soldiers left here and were facing the French fleet out of Chesapeake and were busy with the enemy in Europe.

NICHOLAS KLEIN.

Russian Spelling

To the Editor: *Philadelphia*

SIR—In the OUTLOOK for July 15th Albert Parry in his article, "A Gold Rush to Moscow," makes the statement that "there is not a single English text book that employs the new Russian orthography."

If a dictionary can be classified as a text book, this statement is incorrect as J. B. Lippincott Company published this past spring the *New English-Russian* and *New Russian-English Dictionaries*, by M. A. O'Brien, M.A., of Queens University, Belfast, both employing the new orthography.

J. JEFFERSON JAMES.

American Standards

To the Editor: *West Jackson, Miss.*

SIR—Your issue of July 1st contains two learned essays, both to the same effect; namely, should wages be lowered?

Without discussing the theory of that question it is well to recall the words uttered on a famous occasion by the late President Grover Cleveland: "It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory."

Under present conditions a great many establishments had either to cut wages or to quit business.

On one occasion President Hoover rose and said: "Don't lower wages. Maintain the American standard of living."

It is asserted, doubtless truly, that among a large contingent of Americans, especially in the South, the standard of living is lower than that of European peasants. In *Colliers* Weekly of June 20th, Judge Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg, says, in effect, that the great Mississippi delta is tilled by pauper labor, and that the usual regimen is meal, meat and molasses, which means pone bread, sow belly and long sweetenin'. By the way, that is the diet that causes outbreaks of pellagra in that delta.

When we remember that six million Americans would work, but can find no work, and that they and their families are either living on charity or starving, Hoover's plea seems exceedingly sardonic.

M. M. JAYNE.

Cartooning the President

To the Editor: *Nashville, Tenn.*

SIR—I am one of those old-fashioned men who believe that the office of President of the United States should be respected regardless of politics. The cartoon entitled, "Going West" in the issue of June 24 is contrary to my idea of what is fair and decent in journalism.

PAUL L. SLOAN.

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"BUT IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN TEN YEARS"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 12, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸Gangsters and Bargains

MUCH fine phrases as "No compromise with crime" and "Shoot above the waist," phrases that have ɔreamed in headlines recently, would ɔ more impressive if they had any ɔalistic basis. The ugly truth is that ıstrict attorneys and prosecutors comromise daily with criminals by accept-ıg pleas of guilty when a conviction , doubtful. The ugly truth is that too ften there is precious little chance to shoot above the waist," or anywhere lse. A criminal must first be caught. 'he bootleggers and other racketeers 'hose vicious arrogance has now re-ulted in the killing of a five-year-old oy and the wounding of four other hildren,* know this. And if caught, 'hich is improbable, they can "make plea" and escape with a short term.

This is not a new abuse, but an outrowth of congested courts, of public ethargy and official incompetence. It ,as vividly emphasized, however, when he assured smile on the face of Al 'apone faded abruptly as he stood be-ore Judge Wilkerson in the Chicago ederal court. This over-publicized ,angster and beer-baron had pleaded ,uilty to various indictments charging ncome tax frauds and prohibition vio-ations. Perhaps he was amused by the antastic thought that the maximum ɔenalty for the crimes he had admitted vas thirty-four years in the penitenıary and $180,000 in fines. Capone was ıot worried. Had not his attorneys obained the consent of the district atorney to a total sentence of three years? Iad he not aided the government by ɔleading guilty? Three years in Leavenworth would enable him to escape the vengeance of his many enemies. When he emerged he would be forgotten and could easily live in luxury on his savings. But Judge Wilkerson declined to be a party to the compromise. Capone hurriedly withdrew his admissions of guilt and will stand trial September 8.

* See editorial.

▸▸Wickersham Report, No. 6

THE FIRST CONTACT with criminals, and the first responsibility for their suppression lies, of course, with the police. This week's instalment of the Wickersham commission's findings proclaims "a loss of public confidence in the police of our country." As causes, the commission cites the short terms of police chiefs, the link between the police and politics, the illiteracy and incompetence of the police in certain cities and the inadequate equipment which is used in others. Therefore, criminals are not caught.

This is a restatement of the obvious. Every one knows that in most large cities the police chief or police commissioner is handicapped by politics. It is generally acknowledged, also, that the rank and file of the police in most cities are constantly harassed by politicians. They are appointed from civil service lists, and, with certain exceptions, are rather capable men. But their initiative is minimized and their courage dulled by political leaders who insist on special favors for speakeasies, gambling places and disorderly houses. On every beat there is a minor boss with power to make the policeman's lot still unhappier if he arrests some valued henchman. The report concludes with the statement that "the corrupting influence of politics should be removed from the police organization." But how? The commission is vague as to consummation.

▸▸The Air-Minded

IT IS one of those late Sunday morning breakfasts; the papers are strewn over the room, and coffee for the-Husband-Who-Reads-the-Headlines has been poured by the-Lady-Who-Doesn't-Retain-Very-Well:

The Lady: What, dear, was the Post-Gatty flight?

The Husband: Oh, they made the record hop to Cuba. Why?

The Lady: Just wondering. The papers don't seem to think that the Akron will beat it.

The Husband: You mean the Graf Zeppelin. The Akron took King Prajadipok for a ride. It's a good ship, but will hardly stand up to the Los Angeles when it's finished.

The Lady: I like Dr. Hall best. Thought his flight with Eckener to Istanbul was the sweetest thing.

The Husband: No, no, no, no. Not with Eckener. You mean Pangborn. Eckener made the non-stop flight to Moscow; the Crusaders' plane, you ought to know that.

The Lady: Anyway, Herndon and Boardman are the dearest ones. Think of finding a new route through Peru.

The Husband: There you go again. You are always mixing them with the British Air expedition. Looks like you could keep that straight. Herndon and Boardman have been mapping Greenland. That's what I'd like. Much better even than the Shippee-Johnson round-the-world flight. It's Greenland for me any time.

The Lady: How about with Polando to the North Pole?

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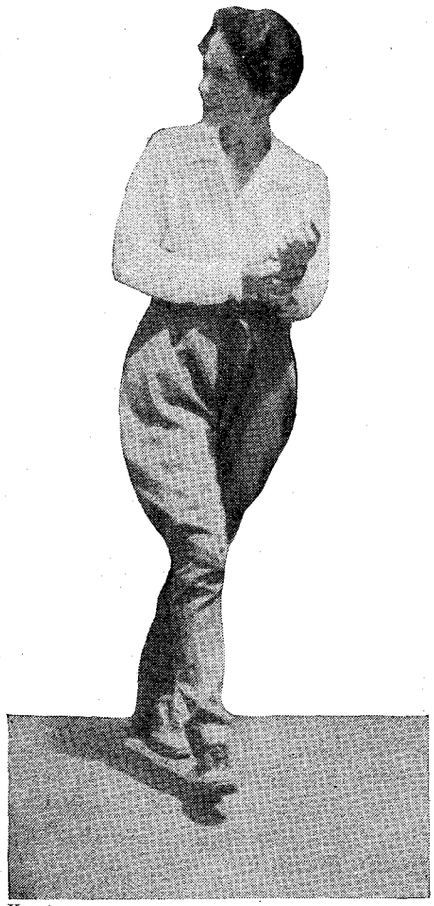
The Husband: To Wales, you mean. Looks like you'd read the papers more. I doubt if you've even got the Lindberghs straight.

The Lady: Bolony. Lindy and Anne



Keystone

CO-PILOT
Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh about to take off with husband

are going to the Orient, by way of Canada. They're leaving their child at home. It's a dangerous flight, but her father and mother seem calm enough. Lindy says they'll take it easy. They've got enough rations for six weeks, some .22 revolvers and a small tent. They expect to make the 12,000 miles in twelve stops. They have a Lockheed plane with pontoons, the radio call number is KHCAL and . . . . "

▶▶*Another Hoover Plan*

At hand now is President Hoover's second answer to the demand that he take care of the American farmers as he attempted to take care of the Germans. The first answer, on July 18, was that the plight of the wheat farmer was due in large part to the crisis in Central Europe and that, through the Hoover moratorium, "the major problem in this connection has been solved." Much to the embarrassment of Mr. Hoover, this pronunciamento was not followed by a rise but by a material fall in the wheat price, now barely above fifty cents a bushel. Hence the second Hoover answer, the suggestions to Germany through Ambassador Sackett that the Federal Farm Board would sell wheat and cotton on liberal credit terms. The "happy idea"—so termed in Administration circles—was for the lavish hand of Washington to bless both the impoverished Germans and the equally impoverished American farmers, to say nothing of the discredited Farm Board itself.

Turning from hopes to facts, we find the Farm Board and its adjuncts owning or holding nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat and about 4,000,000 bales of cotton. The negotiation can accomplish little or nothing as to wheat, for the simple reason that Germany is not in the market for any considerable supply. For several years she has been encouraging production at home, reducing her wheat imports by a tariff of $1.30 a bushel and a law requiring that German millers use at least 97 per cent domestic wheat. She is not expected to import more than 15,000,000 bushels this year; if she bought either a large part or all of that from the Farm Board—unlikely eventualities—it would not relieve the American wheat farmer who suffers under the curse of a 400,000,000-bushel surplus.

As for cotton, Germany has been buying from America right along this year; presumably liberal credit might enable her textile industries to absorb more than the 100,000 bales they have been importing each month, but there is a limit even to their potential imports. They will be determined largely by the amount of textile goods Germany can sell abroad; these sales must be increased beyond dreams if Germany is to be the saviour of our cotton growers. All to be reasonably expected is that Germany may take over part of the Farm Board's cotton holdings, which would comfort the Farm Board more than the farmer. Yet if the scheme goes through, we will have one definite result. The Farm Board, having paid cash for American cotton, will be selling it on credit—and presumably below cost, since cotton is at a new low—to German textile manufacturers in competition with American textile manufacturers. For that, the American taxpayer will be footing the bills.

▶▶*Hot Stove League*

In the winter, local prophets gathe in the country store and debate the prob able outcome of the far-off baseball sea son, and the sports writers refer to thei as the Hot Stove League. Similar gossi is prevalent before every Presidentia campaign, and is as little concerne with realism. The political Hot Stov League's arguments are inspired by pre dictions from individuals afraid tha something will, or will not, happen. W offer as exhibits Col. James F. Coupal former White House physician, an Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Meth odist Episcopal Church South.

Calvin Coolidge, Colonel Coupal feel certain, will run for President in 193 "if the people of this country evince a unmistakable and unquestionable desir to draft him to pull the country out o the depression . . . . " He will accep the Republican nomination, howeve only with assurances of complete inde pendence from political obligations. Thi is interesting, but its basis is Colone Coupal's admiration for ex-Presiden Coolidge. First, Coolidge will not ru because he is far too smart to believ that he can end the slump. Second, h will not run because no nomination i history was received without politica obligation. Third, he will not run any

International

THE SMILE THAT FADED
Al Capone, held for trial in Chicago

way; he cannot get the nomination. The President of the United States, the leader of his party and the dispenser of patronage, can always have a renomination if he desires it. Mr. Hoover appears to desire it.

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Bishop Cannon does not admire Alfred E. Smith; he fears him. This is behind the Bishop's prediction that Smith will "in all probability" be the Democratic nominee. If not, he will dictate the nomination of Roosevelt, who is, from the dry viewpoint, almost as bad. But Al will not be the choice of an optimistic and aroused Democracy. He can be nominated only with the assistance of southern delegates, and they, unless all the data is incorrect, do not propose to saddle their local organizations with a Tammany-Catholic-wet again. Such are the facts, although it is more entertaining to speculate on Coolidge as the saviour of his party and on Smith, who won such a large personal following, being given another chance.

▶▶*Dark Horses*

Senator Lewis of Illinois: "Ex-Governor Moore of New Jersey is a very likely 'dark horse' for the Democratic nomination for President next year . . . . "

Ex-Governor A. Harry Moore: "The suggestion, of course, comes like a bolt out of the skies. There are other men so much more entitled to the honor . . . . "

It is this sort of thing which makes life difficult for the man who is the leading contender for a Presidential nomination. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, although he is giving his whole time to the job he now holds and dreams no roseate dreams about the White House, must have read the exchange between Ham Lewis and Harry Moore with a sinking feeling. What did it mean? Was

AWAITS LIGHTNING
Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois

Ham Lewis advancing his own distinctly nebulous fortunes? Were the strategists of Illinois and New Jersey plotting dark deeds? Had not Mayor Cermak of Chicago given, within the week, testimony on Franklin Roosevelt's strength?

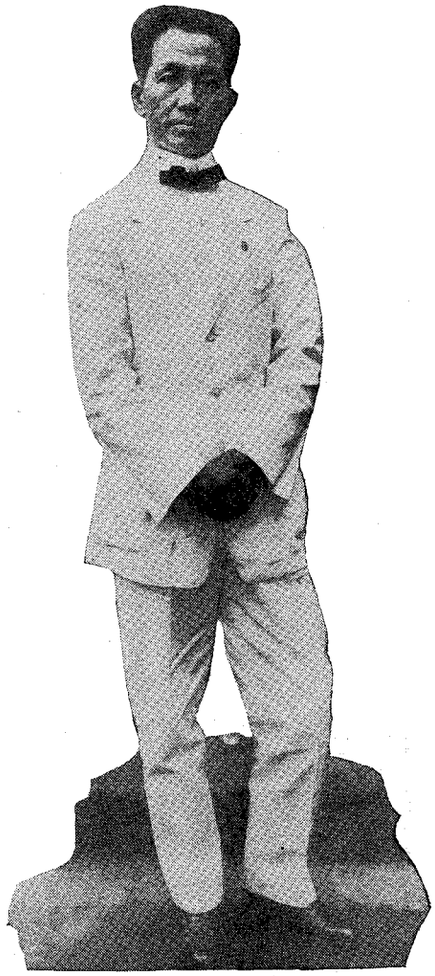
In all probability, the golden apple so gracefully tossed by Ham Lewis had no dark significance. The Senator, having vanquished the once powerful daughter of Mark Hanna, is a dark horse himself. It is true that he is very dark, but it is also true that he is not as dark as Moore of New Jersey. If lightning strikes at all at the Democratic convention, its bolt might find Ham Lewis more easily than Moore. The reason for his gesture, then, must remain one of the mysteries of that oblique science, American politics. Perhaps the Honorable Lewis envisions a day when the support of the New Jersey delegation will be precious to him. In the meantime Harry Moore, his stature increased by the one-man boom launched in the summer of 1931, may have again become Governor of New Jersey. He will be in the delegation, and influential. Tit for tat is one of the basic laws of American political science.

▶▶*Filipino Convert*

The Philippine independence movement has gained some, but not much, strength through the conversion of Emilio Aguinaldo, who led the Philippine insurrection of the 1900's. Whether or not Governor-General Davis' failure to honor the Aguinaldo family with a political appointment played any part, the Señor is on the road back to politics. That is about the extent of his bold declaration for independence, comparable in the Islands with a South Carolinian's declaration for the Democratic party.

Aguinaldo, however, not only demands immediate independence, but that it be followed by a ten-year period of free trade with the United States. Here he is talking plain nonsense, since the one vital strength of Philippine independence in the American Congress is derived from a desire to end rather than continue the free-trade relations. Our sugar and cottonseed oil lobbyists, for instance, would like to give the Filipino his independence in order to give their sugar and cotton clients a tariff on those very products of the Philippines. Thus Washington lends and will continue to lend a friendly ear to the cries for liberty.

As the clamor becomes louder, one could turn to *The Philippines*, a book written in 1930 by Nicholas Roosevelt. "The time is at hand," Mr. Roosevelt said, "to examine the record coldly; to accept the obvious conclusion that independence is out of the question for two or three generations at least; and to shoulder our burden courageously, carrying through the thankless task to completion." This is one logical position. The other is immediate independence. Properly, the United States might adopt



EX-OUTLAW
General Emilio Aguinaldo of the Filipinos

the one or the other. Practically, we may be expected to adopt neither. In all likelihood Congress will continue a policy which, in Great Britain, would be called muddling through.

▶▶*Baker at Williamstown*

For more than one reason interest and importance are attached to Newton D. Baker's thoughtful address at the Williamstown, Mass., Institute of Politics. Mr. Baker might be called the St. Paul of Wilsonian internationalism. At least, he is at the forefront of that able and sincere group which believes that since commercially the United States must barter and trade with the rest of the world, it cannot stand aloof politically. Moreover, his name—anathema in the heyday of our prosperity—has of late become quite popular, so much so that there is probably more talk of

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An Open Letter to
DISTRICT ATTORNEY CRAIN:
POLICE COMMISSIONER MULROONEY:

This is not a publicity stunt. It is not our idea to capitalize on one of the most unfortunate incidents that has happened to New York and America.

But because we, too, are aroused and appalled by the wholesale slaughter of little children

WE ARE READY TO PLACE IN YOUR HANDS, AND ARE FORCING AHEAD, THE SHOWING OF THE PICTURE, "THE STAR WITNESS," WHICH, IN OUR ESTIMATION, IS

THE GREATEST INSTRUMENT FOR PUBLIC GOOD THAT HAS EVER BEEN DEVISED!

Months ago we foresaw this last terrible happening. Months ago we put our hearts and our hands to the task of finding some means of coping with the dread forces of the Invisible Empire to which our nation has apparently capitulated—

And so we made THE STAR WITNESS —our answer—YOUR ANSWER—America's answer—to its greatest menace—to the ever present peril of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

We devoted a considerable sum to make this picture when we could have made a romantic picture according to established formula.—In THE STAR WITNESS we have a picture that will expose to every citizen just what is happening—just why the police are powerless to combat it—just why respectable eye-witnesses to crime refuse to testify!

We are donating the opening night's proceeds to the families of these children. We know, however, that money cannot repay them for their losses, but because their plight is so great and their financial position possibly so limited that we should like to have them share with us some of the visible good that may come of such an enterprise.

MR. CRAIN AND MR. MULROONEY—WE FORESAW THIS TERRIBLE HAPPENING—WE UNDERSTOOD YOUR PROBLEMS AS "THE STAR WITNESS" WILL SHOW—WE OFFER IT TO YOU AS *YOUR* ANSWER—AMERICA'S THUNDERING ANSWER—TO ITS GREATEST MENACE — WE OFFER IT TO YOU AS AN INSTRUMENT THAT WILL HELP YOU—THE NATION — THE REPUBLIC — TO ONCE AND FOR ALL TIME SOLVE THE TREMENDOUS PROBLEM OF STAMPING OUT GANGSTERS AND THEIR ILLICIT BREED.

Very truly yours,

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.,

Producers of THE STAR WITNESS.

BIG-HEARTED MOVIES
The Warner Brothers' Contribution to Crime Prevention in New York

Baker being the Democratic nominee for President in 1932 than of any other man save Governor Roosevelt.

But one phrase is needed to show the spirit of Mr. Baker's address. "The world," he said, "has certainly entered the coöperative age." As to the substance, it must first be noted that this year's institute at Williamstown is primarily concerned with economic planning, national and international. Mr. Baker entered thereupon by drawing a constructive distinction between economic planning as attempted in Russia's celebrated Five-Year plan and any economic planning by capitalistic nations. "Russia," he explained, "is planning to catch up. The rest of the nations of the world are considering the possibility of planning to go forward." Unless world economics are put in a strait-jacket and progress proscribed, no plan as rational as Russia's can be devised for nations which are forging ahead. Nevertheless, Mr. Baker maintained, planning can be linked with progress if conditions of freedom essential to progress are first established.

The two conditions stressed by Mr. Baker were reduction of armaments and reduction of tariffs. So far so good. Mr. Baker's hope for disarmament lies "in the peoples of the world," whom he expects—with rather too much idealistic optimism—to force the statesmen to forsake guns for goodwill. On the other hand, his tariff plan embraces the calling of a conference to recommend a uniform and gradual rate reduction to the legislative bodies of each nation. Here again he has largely ignored practical politics. Altogether, Mr. Baker proves abler in diagnosing our economic ills than in offering remedies. It is his intelligent, critical approach which is commendable —especially when contrasted with that of the Micawbers at Washington.

▶▶*Intelligence Tests*

THE six most intelligent boys in the United States, according to the standards of a contest conducted by the Central Press Association, passed through New York on their way to Europe and faced, of course, the inevitable banquet in their honor. They also faced questions propounded by Senator Copeland of New York, who was the speaker of the evening. Who is Senator Fess? Who is Adolf Hitler? Who was Ban Johnson? On the whole, they conducted themselves as acutely intelligent boys should; they knew the answers.

But the examination was not, we feel, wholly fair. Being young and filled with the respect and veneration due their elders and senators, they did not retaliate by offering questions to the Democratic Senator. Therefore, we do it for them: Who is John F. Curry of New York, Senator Copeland, and do you believe him a healthful influence in civic affairs? What is your honest opinion of William Randolph Hearst, whose newspapers print your "Health Hints"? When Congress convenes will you denounce the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, or will you call for downward revision and pledge no disruption of business? Will you, during the approaching presidential campaign, denounce as fallacious any scheme such as the Farm Board? Just what will you say if the McNary-Haugen bill is revived, with its debenture scheme for farm relief? Finally, Senator, will you insult the intelligence of us six boys by saying that honesty is the best politics?

▶▶*Cash for John Bull*

THESE ARE discomforting days for our Middle Western isolationists. How perturbed they must be, with their notions about staying out of Europe, their thumbs-down on every project which does not end at our water's edge. For here on the heels of the moratorium and the German credit plan comes the Federal Reserve Bank of New York with another foreign entanglement.

What the Federal Reserve Bank has done is to place, share and share alike with the Bank of France, $250,000,000 to the credit of the Bank of England. It was a financial transaction, pure and simple; with British business in bad straits, with the British government in a financial hole, gold was pouring out of England into France. With the gold went the basis of British credit; if the stream was not to be dammed Britain was to be hit hard and with her, her creditors, not to speak of her debtor, Germany, in grave need of more rather

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than less credit from the British. Hence willy-nilly, American and French financiers had to put up the cash needed in England. That they did it with such speed and dispatch is evidence enough that finance rather than politics was in the driver's seat.

But what does your isolationist think as he observes this dramatic incident? Does he prepare to write a letter to his editor or his congressman? Does he swear at the international bankers in New York? Does he mumble and tear his paper in two? Or does he realize the actual interdependence of nations, of their finances, credit and trade? If not, he is playing with folly. Isolation is not only undesirable—it is impossible. The United States can not draw into its shell. The advent of a rival system—Russia's Communism—dictates that we, one capitalistic nation, must join hands more and more with the others. It may be years before this is understood in the Mississippi Valley but it is a fact just the same.

▸▸*Reds and Blacks*

CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE has produced another brush between the Negroes and the police. In the course of an afternoon three Negroes were killed, several more wounded and a patrolman or two injured. Altogether it was a commonplace affair, starting with an eviction from a Black Belt flat, ending with the police in command. The incident would be of little significance but for the uncontradicted reports that the rioters were led by Communists. In that we have additional evidence of an important turn taken by the Communist drive in America.

What the Reds have done is to seek support from the blacks. We have seen it in their Carolina textile adventures, in Harlem, in Alabama. From time to time other sections have supplied the press with items about Communist-led Negroes. It all makes interesting reading but it also shows what a blunder the Communists have made. Joining with the Negroes, they have written *finis* across their American program. Their party, their movement, becomes another Negro order, another Sons and Daughters of So-and-So. The American whites will have nothing to do with it. Think not, however, that this prevents the little band of leather-lunged Reds from gloating over their American riots. They are picayunish things here but big news in Moscow.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks will be found on Page 480.

I apologize to my public for allowing this business depression to continue so long.—BRUCE BARTON.

If we can get rid of unemployment the situation will adjust itself.—HARVEY S. FIRESTONE.

I have canvassed the principal industries and find no movement to reduce the rates of wages.—SECRETARY ROBERT P. LAMONT.

Agriculture is better off than any other American industry.—ALEXANDER LEGGE.

I am not interested in money.—HENRY FORD.

I believe I can take credit for the peace that now exists in the racket game in Chicago, I believe that the people can thank me for the fact that gang killings here are probably a thing of the past.—AL CAPONE.

If the American people get the truth about prohibition they will never give it up.—ALONZO E. WILSON.

The educational influence of motion pictures has eliminated the "hick" type from small town life.—WILL HAYS.

I would rather raise hell than raise vegetables.—ELEANOR PATTERSON.

Vanderbilt is suffering from a mania for publicity.—PETER ARNO.

You must be prepared to choose either living for time, or living for time plus eternity.—REV. DR. DAVID DEFOREST BURRELL.

Married persons do not pet enough.—DOCTOR DAVID VAUGHN.

Maurice Sagoff, 24 Kenwood St., Dorchester, Mass., $5 prize.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

Ben Elkin, 3442 Douglas Blvd., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

O. E. Gilleland, 1715 Martha St., Munhall, Pa., $2 prize.

Gladys B. Wayo, Stratford Annex, Laramie, Wyoming, $2 prize.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Garrett B. Holloway, Box 652, Dallas, Oregon, $2 prize.

Mrs. C. M. Eyman, 760 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal., $2 prize.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

Eugene Drabinski, 800 6th St., Grand Rapids, Mich., $2 prize.

A. S. Hewitt, 127 East 21st St., New York, $2 prize.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa, $2 prize.

▸▸*Wage Cuts*

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE LAMONT, in an unfortunate letter admitting the possible necessity of wage cuts, joined the sad ranks of Secretary of State Stimson and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon. He expressed an idea at variance with the official ones of President Hoover: that many corporations had already slashed dividends and salaries and that others faced the alternative of closing down or "seeking temporary wage reductions." This was regrettable, but it was not the duty of the government to interfere.

On the following day, excitement and irritation were discernible in administration circles. Mr. Hoover, from the start of the depression, has urged maintenance of wage scales at their 1929 level. Mr. Lamont was seemingly cast into chilly outer darkness by an official White House statement that no member of the Administration "has expressed the view or holds the view" that wages should be cut. Not only were they not saying so, with the lamentable exception of Mr. Lamont; they were not even thinking it in the still watches of the night. Secretary of Labor Doak found the usual decorous phrases of statesmanship inadequate to express his indignation. The policy, he told the New York *Times* correspondent, had not changed "one damned bit."

Mr. Doak's use of the big, big "D" was entirely justified. The President's hope—synonymous with his policy in this case—has been that wage levels would be kept up. Industry made valiant efforts to obey, and then proceeded to dismiss men by the thousands and to institute part-time schedules. The worker who once received $5 a day and worked a full week receives $5, but he works only three days each week. The unchanged Hoover policy, in so far as it affects wages, is that embarrassed corporations should: One, draw upon surplus; two, cut dividends; three, cut salaries of officers; four, cut salaries of office workers. The reason for the last is obvious. The white collar worker is not organized and is politically impotent. The wage worker has a union at his

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back; and in the year before a presidential campaign the voice of labor is the voice of God.

The fiction, then, will continue that wages are not being reduced. But the incident is another lesson to Hoover cabinet ministers. Mr. Mellon learned, a year ago, that it was unwise to predict lowered government revenues. Mr. Stimson now realizes that all blessings flow from Washington and carry the name of Hoover. Mr. Lamont learns, too, that to be a minister is to be a rubber stamp.

▶▶*Bricks into Wine*

FOR ALMOST A YEAR, in various parts of the country, solidified bricks of concentrated fruit juices have been sold. Dissolved in a gallon of water and allowed to stand for a week or so, wine containing about 13 per cent alcohol was formed. The so-called "bricks" were legal. Business prospered, and now a shop has been opened on Fifth Avenue in New York where they are eagerly bought by thirsty customers. "I am afraid," sadly observed Superintendent Victor of the New York Anti-Saloon League, "that the bricks are within the law as it is now drawn."

So the madness continues, a madness so often compared to *Through the Looking Glass*. Hypocrisy has the blessing of the law. The bricks, purchasers are warned, must *not* be kept in water too long or— unspeakable horror—they will ferment. The jug must *not* be equipped with a specially devised cork, which has a rubber tube; *that* would make the wine more potable. True, the window in the Fifth Avenue shop was filled with jugs that might have contained wine, and with posters showing fashionable folk sipping from glasses. But the only sign set forth that clergymen and rabbis could obtain their sacramental wine legally in this fashion. Port, sherry, burgundy, claret and other flavors were available in brick form; each brick bearing a warning against fermentation.

Conceive a world in which other laws were as calmly evaded. The druggist would sell small pellets, with a warning that they would turn into cocaine or opium unless swallowed immediately. There would be shops where toy pistols would transform themselves into machine guns if not used at once. We do not envy the historian, of two centuries hence, who delves into the era of prohibition. His findings, unless he documents them carefully, will be dismissed by the critics as improbable and fanciful.

▶▶*China Roars*

REDS, floods, bandits and revolts—China roars again. The floods in the Yangtze River areas mean more destitution; the bandits and Reds mean that China's confusion is confounded, though the country is by no means headed toward Communism. But the politico-military revolts are the most disrupting. For some time the leaders of the Nanking government, particularly Chiang Kai-shek, the head, have been trying to create an effective administration for the whole vast country. So acting, they have practically developed a personal dictatorship by Chiang, which has resulted in considerable interference in local areas far from Nanking and more or less arbitrary suppression within the higher governmental circles there.

CHINA'S MUSSOLINI
General Chiang Kia-shek, head of Nanking government

Just now the most conspicuous revolt is that of a group of military chiefs in the south and some political leaders there who disliked and deserted Chiang. At Canton they have set up what they call the legitimate government of China —legitimate, they claim, because Chiang lost the right to rule when he betrayed the principles of Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of the Chinese Republic. In fact, the dislike of Chiang's methods is the only common bond in the south. In the north, several minor commanders, whose loyalty to Nanking has been purely nominal, have started a drive to take Peiping, the old capital, now an outpost of Chiang. To get a share of power, these northerners are simply seizing the opportunity presented by the southern revolt.

Such is the personnel and form of this year's outbreak. Last year they differed somewhat, and by 1932 they may differ again. But the pot will continue to boil, the protests to rise until there is a fundamental change. It might take the form of a safety valve designed to give the local chiefs charge of their local affairs and a larger voice in those of the nation. This would mean less immediate efficiency, perhaps less fighting.

▶▶*Summer Debating*

NEVER RECKONED a giant during Congress' own squabbles, Senator George of Georgia has hit the one telling blow in the vacation battle over the tariff. The stage for the affray was set early in July when Senator Robinson prodded President Hoover with that clever suggestion that, since Democrats had waived partisanship and coöperated with him on his moratorium, he might waive partisanship and coöperate with them in reducing tariffs. Mr. Hoover himself resorted to Coolidgean silence, but his worthies, Senators Smoot and Watson, struck out blindly, calling Robinson names and letting it go at that. Before the month was out, however, our protection twins took second thought and changed their tactics. What specific tariff rates should be lowered, asked Senator Smoot. Yes, what specific tariff rates should be lowered, asked Senator Watson. Give us a bill of particulars, demanded Senator Smoot. Yes, give us a bill of particulars, demanded Senator Watson.

Then came the Georgian, shouting sugar, sugar, sugar. He scotched the ancient Republican legend about high tariff rates elevating American living standards and profiting American labor. He showed that the sugar duty, averaging 77 per cent, did neither, but, instead, added to household costs. The United States, as Senator George said, does not and for centuries will not produce more than a fraction of the sugar it consumes; sugar labor is unskilled and gets practically nothing out of the tariff; sugar manufacturers and lobbyists are skilled and get practically everything. It was all unanswerable, as evidenced by Senator Smoot's evasive reply. For him and his man Watson the moral is: Don't ask for a bill of particulars when defending a guilty client.

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Let's Use Common Sense

For a week press and pulpit have resounded with denunciation of the New York gangster outrage in which four children were wounded and one murdered outright in a fusillade of shots fired from a cruising car outside the Helmar Social Club in East 107 Street. Futile talk about calling out National Guard troops and organizing Vigilante committees has been indulged in. Prohibition has been indicted in telegrams to President Hoover. The administration of federal justice in connection with the iniquitous prohibition law has been assailed by citizens. Another Wickersham Report has appeared in the nick of time charging that a tie-up everywhere between police administration and political machine leaders is responsible for protecting gangsters. The New York police themselves have put forth every effort to identify and catch the criminals. Their activities have ranged from organizing huge squads of plainclothes men and detectives to offering large rewards of money for information which will lead to the apprehension of the guilty. London has called New York on the telephone to ascertain how many gangsters have been shot outright as a result of police instructions to shoot to kill. But the net result to date is—nothing. With one exception, all the hundred or so witnesses of the slaughter, intimidated by fear of gangster reprisals or inimically inclined toward the police, have refused to make any identification of the murderers. Even if the guilty men are caught, the police themselves doubt their own ability to secure enough evidence to convict. Meanwhile, one child is dead, and mothers in New York are herding their children indoors. Brutal public murder has been done and the only clear conclusion that it is possible to draw from all the resultant shouting is that law and order are breaking down in this country.

Very clearly, we are living in a kind of idealistic madhouse, in which the police are rapidly becoming both helpless and detested; in which the federal government is becoming more thoroughly hated every day; in which science and economics are fighting on the side of the gangster; in which society, apparently, can only mumble "Enforce all the laws," as it takes to the cellars or the woods. Is it not time that men of responsibility awoke to this state of affairs, to its cause and to its cure? Is it not time that the vigorous citizens of the country overwhelmingly demanded a thorough housecleaning of our whole social and legal structure? Is it not time that the obstructionists and fanatics were warned that they have had their day and that common sense and the rule of reason must replace impractical, emotional idealism and the rule of hypocrisy?

Obviously the first aspect of the problem which must be faced is the immediate, practical necessity of reinforcing our police in every possible way. They are engaged in what has become an actual, if sporadic, war. To assist them, every large city in the country should be equipped at once with "crime lights" attached to our present traffic lights. Whenever "a murder car" shooting takes place, the flash of these lights, switched on by any policeman or citizen in the section, will automatically and instantly bring to a dead halt every vehicle in the district, at the same time notifying precinct and headquarters of the situation. To reinforce this system of crime lights, cruising armored police motorcycles should be assigned at once to every doubtful district to round up and either kill or arrest the bandits as they try to escape on foot. "Murder car" escape should be made an impossibility. To supplement this procedure, the force of detectives should be doubled immediately in every district which gangsters are known to inhabit. Money should be no object any more than in 1917. All mechanical and scientific devices which the police need should be supplied them in abundance and military police chiefs should be given long tenures of power as is the case in London. Meanwhile, the state constabulary should be reinforced and means of close, effective coöperation between them and the city police worked out. The present front must be held in the war which is being waged against society.

There comes then the double necessity of cutting off the enemy source of supplies, the gangster's income, and of reinstating the police and the federal government in the affections of the people as guardians and not oppressors of the people. Obviously the first of these objectives can only be achieved by repealing prohibition, by putting liquor under state control, which local public opinion will uphold, and thus striking at the great source of criminal money and corruption. The second objective will take longer to reach, since it involves doing away not only with the present prohibition law, but many others, also, including the so-called local "blue laws," which outrage common sense, have no sound public approval or backing, and which make the police appear as oppressors. Common sense tells us that no people can govern itself practically on the basis of a legal interpretation of the highest ideals or prejudices of some of its citizens. There is necessarily a gulf between the preacher and the legislator, between individual opinion and public opinion. The preacher, the idealist and the individual may help to create public opinion, but law must follow, not precede, the public opinion thus formed.

A mass of laws, impossible to enforce and local in character and enactment, will suggest themselves at once to any student of his own city and state. Until such laws are brought into line with the public sentiment of the day, little real progress can be made toward this second objective. But meanwhile, prohibition can be repealed and our police forces can be strengthened by all means possible. We think it time that all intelligent citizens resolved to work toward this end. We are heartily sick of all the pother about "law enforcement," while the evils producing the problem go on unchecked. Does anybody care to join us in doing something about it?

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND that the politicians attach a great deal of significance to "Jimmie" Coupal's diagnosis of the presidential disease from which his erstwhile distinguished patient, Calvin Coolidge, is suffering. The ruddy-faced, good-natured physician who kept Calvin happy and healthy during the latter's residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue got to know his patient extremely well. For two reasons—because everybody likes "Jimmie" Coupal, and because New Englanders like the former President have an abiding faith in their doctors. So nobody was closer to both Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge than Dr. Coupal, and when he says that Calvin did not really mean to abdicate in 1928, that he resented his party's nomination of Herbert Hoover, and that he would hasten to answer an emergency call from the G.O.P. next year, almost everybody who knows anything about the Coolidge-Coupal relationship, and the little Vermonter's strong dislike for Mr. Hoover, is inclined to believe the statement. Not that we expect Mr. Coolidge to displace Mr. Hoover as the standard-bearer next year—at least not on the basis of present conditions. What we see in the medico's statement is the probability that the Coolidge-for-President movement will gradually grow until it causes tremendous embarrassment to the Administration, especially if Mr. Coolidge keeps mum. We may be wrong, but it has always been his theory to deny "nuthin'," and we imagine he will derive a gleeful sort of pleasure out of keeping silent.

Apropos of nothing except Dr. Coupal's undoubtedly accurate reading of the Coolidgean mind, the physician was the central figure in one of the most illuminating and creditable anecdotes anent the former President we have ever heard. Indeed, it is so descriptive of the real Calvin Coolidge that we do not think either man will resent its telling. There was, to our way of thinking, uncommon heroism of the everyday sort in the part which both played.

The incident took place soon after the death of young Calvin, who was so deeply though restrainedly loved by his father. For days the former President went around in a daze, his little face screwed up and his narrow eyes half closed. He could neither eat nor sleep; he was a broken-hearted man. Like most reserved New Englanders, however, he gave way neither to words nor tears, and kept his sorrow to himself. One day, in the great dining-room of the White House, Dr. Coupal took him kindly to task, and pointed out that it was human to cry in such moments. And then both Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge wept on their

Cesare in "The Mirrors of 1932" (Brewer, Warren, and Putnam)

Calvin Coolidge

young doctor's shoulder. The President, however, quickly shook his head and rushed out of the room; but the ice pack around his heart had broken, and he began to mend.

There have been other stories, too, which indicate that the doctor had accurately read Mr. Coolidge's attitude toward another term. We have previously told of his critical viewpoint toward Mr. Hoover's policies, and evidence of Calvin's toying with the thought of a return to public life continues to accumulate. Deny it though he may—which we doubt—he will remain just a much of a presidential potentiality u to nominating time as will Al Smith i the Democratic party.

Nevertheless, such an astute poli tician as Senator George H. Moses o New Hampshire, who entertains littl love or admiration for Mr. Hoover, pre dicts the latter's renomination, an maintains it is not "in the cards" to tak it away from him. The situation, to ou mind, is a sorry commentary on th cowardice of our national politicians an the failure of the two-party system t work. Here, for instance, is a Presiden disliked and opposed by almost ever faction and influential individual in th G.O.P.—by men like Hilles of New York, Atterbury of Pennsylvania, Lig gett of Massachusetts, Maschke of Ohio Senate leader Watson of Indiana, Vice President Curtis of Kansas, Senator Borah of Idaho, Johnson of California Brookhart of Iowa and the whole pro gressive wing. Besides disliking him personally and politically, these me and their industrial and financial mas ters think that Mr. Hoover is headed straight for defeat. On the other hand here is Calvin Coolidge ready and willing to run again if anybody should ask him. Moreover, the politicians and Big Business adored Mr. Coolidge's do-nothing policies, and think that either he or Senator Dwight W. Morrow would have a much better chance of winning the election than would Mr. Hoover.

In such a situation ten determined and outspoken men could, in our opinion, prevent the renomination of the President. It would not be difficult for them to command political or financial backing for an anti-Hoover movement. The Republican rank and file, including conservatives and progressives, wets and drys, ruralites and urban voters, is ripe for revolt. In short, the powerful elements in the party which do not like the President, and dread lest he lead them to disaster, have at hand a candidate, a rebellious constituency and a discontented electorate. Yet such is the oppressive influence of tradition and subservience to partisan considerations that we doubt if they will do any more than mutter and moan, as they did when they let him sweep them off their feet at Kansas City in 1928. To our mind, the whole mess is unbelievably comic—or tragic!

A. F. C.

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A Gentleman's Racket

By DARWIN TEILHET

"NOW the bootleg or dope racket isn't a business that a gentleman wants to get into," explained my friend Mr. Hilmer. "All of the comfortable money is in the punch-board or lottery business. That's a gentleman's racket. If you want me to be frank with you, that's my racket. There's nothing nasty about it. It's a clean-cut gentleman's proposition. Now take this punch-board here."

Mr. Hilmer uncrossed a pair of well-tailored legs, leaned forward and picked up a small, green punch-board from a new solid mahogany desk. This punch-board was of the type seen on the counters of cigar stores, drug stores, hot dog stands, and other retail shops throughout the country. He handed it to me with a pleased smile. The punch-board was small; about eight inches by five inches, I should judge.

"This is one of my best numbers," Mr. Hilmer continued, crossing his legs and gently placing them on top of his new desk. "I call that punch-board the 'Lucky Sweetheart.' For a dime you have the chance of getting $5 in merchandise or in cash. It goes like a house afire. Why, down in Los Angeles that punch-board won't last a week in any cigar store or drug store. How many holes do you think it has?"

I looked at the board again. It *was* small. "About two hundred. Two hundred and fifty, perhaps."

He leaned over, chuckled, and tapped me on the knee. "Now that is just why that little board is so successful. It looks small. By George, it is small! Because it's small and has a $5 prize you think you have a fairly good chance with your dime. That little board there has exactly one thousand holes. One thousand! Count them. A firm in Cincinnati makes them up special for me for $8. I pay every store that puts them in for me $5 a week. Some of the stores I pay more. And one of those boards will pay out from one to three weeks. It takes in $100 in cash. Figure that profit out. Now what do you think of that for a nice gentleman's proposition? Doesn't that beat bootlegging or dope any time and any day?"

"How about the risk?"

He delicately snipped off the end of a long, very pale yellow cigar. "You mean some one trying to muscle in on some of my customers? You don't seem to understand that this is a polite business—here, don't smoke that. Try one of mine. They're imported direct from Havana. They come in on one of the French boats and a steward slips them off for me without paying a cent duty. As I was saying, the punch-board racket is a polite business. That's why I got out of the whiskey label business. That wasn't any business for a gentleman. No one muscles in on any one in this business. It's too new. I'm supplying over three hundred stores with my little 'Lucky Sweetheart' board. What do I care if some one else puts up another board on the counter? The 'Lucky Sweetheart' pulls in enough for me."

"By risks I meant—well—isn't it against the law?"

"Oh!" He reached under his desk with a highly polished tan shoe and kicked out a chromium plated cuspidor. After the cuspidor had served its purpose, he wiped his mouth with a large silk handkerchief, and placed the cigar back in his mouth.

"What difference does that make if it is against the law? Who gives a damn? Isn't everything against the law nowadays? Besides, when you are pulling in the jack my business does, you can afford to spend enough to see that you aren't bothered. Why, do you know, I've got as much chance of getting hauled into court as you have of flushing that 'Little Sweetheart' board for the $5 prize!"

"There are a thousand holes," I commented. "That would give me about one chance in a thousand of drawing the winning number. Of course, after the board had been used, my chances would be better."

"Listen," said Mr. Hilmer earnestly. "You don't think I'd be dumb enough to really put a winning number in the 'Little Sweetheart,' do you? How do you suppose I'd make any profit? Some one might smack the winning number when the board was still full. I told you this was a gentleman's business. There isn't a chance in the world to lose. When the board has all been punched but sixty holes, my partner goes around, takes it up and puts a new board in place."

Mr. Hilmer is a clever gentleman who was formerly in the printing business in Council Bluffs. When he decided to come West some few years ago, a friend of mine, a lawyer in Ohio, knowing that I was interested in printing, gave Hilmer my address. My friend will be very much surprised to learn of the meteoric career of his former acquaintance. Hilmer settled in a large western city. He went broke trying to be an honest printer and gentleman. At that time there was a very great demand for counterfeit labels to be placed on locally made, "imported" brands.

Mr. Hilmer temporarily gave up his idea of ever achieving his ambition of becoming a gentleman and wearing a different pair of shoes every day, and, despite a strong middle western conscience, went into the business of supplying counterfeit labels. This was a ridiculously easy proposition, offering slight risks. Most whiskey labels are in two colors. A "gyp" engraving plant made the plates for $400 and Hilmer reluctantly started to make money. The bootleg business, however, was distasteful to him, as he was a convinced and steadfast dry. About six months ago, he reappeared in San Francisco with glittering new shoes, at least ten tan suits, a large account in a Portland bank, and proudly informed me that he had sold his printing business, again felt free in his conscience to go to church Sunday mornings, and had entered the gentleman's racket of furnishing punch-boards. Mr. Hilmer proved to be a mine of information about this business.

IN NEARLY all states there are laws against gambling machines, punch-boards, lotteries, dice games, and other implements of chance which are found in six out of ten metropolitan cigar stores, drug stores, and news stands. These laws are consistently violated. In one of the largest locally owned chain of cigar stores in San Francisco fully a third of the customers entering the stores play at least one of the three to eight different games of chance located in the stores. This statement may be objected to by the proprietors of the chain. It is based upon my own observation and upon various talks I have had with

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Why Women Fail

By LORINE PRUETTE

They can succeed but they won't. They have too many alibis; they can always plead illness; they have far too much of the "stenographic attitude"; and they have no wives. And there are many other reasons, which are outlined vividly in this article by a successful woman.

WOMEN fail because they do not have to succeed. This applies to the working woman almost as much as to the wife and mother. The necessity that is upon practically all men to do something and to keep on doing it, and to move up a bit in earning power if this is in any way possible, is partly economic and partly psychological. Chiefly, I think it is psychological. Man must work if man must eat, true enough, but after an excellent dinner the importance of eating dwindles enormously. Our ancestors appear, judging from comparative evidences, to have gorged themselves when they had the chance to eat, but to have made little intelligent provision for tomorrow's three meals.

The time clock, the daily, inevitable grind, and the acceptance of routine are recent developments in history. Today it is not to maintain a bare level of subsistence that men give themselves over into an industrial bondage that is sometimes as cruel as the slavery of the past. Men have to keep on working, if it kills them; they have been taught this from their earliest youth; they have accepted it as the mark of a man that he earns a living and "provides" for his family. In spite of the general need of food and housing, it is pride that keeps men going. They have a need that is greater than the need of food and shelter, a need to save face, as the Chinese are credited with saying.

The woman's need to save her face is much more limited—the propriety of her behavior, the fidelity of her husband, the goodness of her children loom large in questions of her prestige. But if she loses her job, or if she wrecks her business or lets it slide between her fingers for lack of determination and application, she does not have to suffer in the way a man would suffer. Her economic need may be as great—she may be supporting quite as many dependents as the father of a family—but her psychological need to save her face is not the same. There are still so many alibis for women.

When she runs into difficulties in her business organization, due, quite possibly, to her own lack of discipline, habit of introducing personalities into her work, refusal to take punishment in extra hard tasks, etc., the young woman can always marry. This is quite easy to do, in spite of a considerable masculine propaganda to the contrary. The young woman who has made a mess of her occupational venture may fasten herself onto the nearest man, make him aware of her as a woman and then make him fear he cannot get her, and the deed is done. For the rest of her life—and how weary the husband may become of hearing it—she will be saying how much she hated to give up her career but, of course, when she fell in love—At this point she gives a little sigh that seems to say everything, and her auditors sigh with her, whispering "of course, of course," for it is the custom of the country to let women down easy. If she cannot get married the woman failure often heeds the call of duty to which in earlier days she had been happily deaf and gives up her work, or, as she sometimes puts it, gives up her own life, to devote herself, however unskillfully, to the care of a relative or friend.

"When a woman fails she can always go buy a new hat and find relief and solace in being told how much younger it makes her look"

But greatest of all alibis, for the married woman as for the single, for the woman who works for wages or for the one who hides in a home, is the alibi of illness. It is so respectable for a woman to be ill. Poor dears, they are heirs of many fantastic maladies. Assemble any group of women over thirty and lead the conversation to operations! They have been cut and scarred and sewed up for such a variety of reasons, most of them growing out of their sexual equipment. How much these so common, often repeated, mutilations have curtailed the achievement of women I do not know, but I fear the burden has been a heavy one. It is costly to be a woman, not merely for those who bear children but for all those whose clumsy reproductive apparatus suffers one or another of the common derangements.

Nevertheless, the illness-alibi for women far transcends its possible justification. There are women who not merely waste themselves in imaginary or trivial ailments, but who spend the rest of the time worrying about the maladies they may have tomorrow. It is significant that as women accept the steadying responsibilities of a regular job less is heard about these minor ailments. To be sure, the stenographer with her box of aspirin tablets has become almost a type character, but it is among the women who are failing in business or who have no other way of maintaining supremacy in the home that the minor ailments flourish. "I had a headache" is still the excuse confidently proffered by large numbers of women for failing to keep engagements, to discharge obligations or to do what they had agreed to do. Poor dear, she is not strong—that is the excuse for practically anything a woman may leave undone. The ingenuity and determination manifested by some women in devising mysterious complaints which "baffle" the doctors and keep their families subservient for years might have, if applied to the external world, transformed the face of the earth.

Fortunately it is becoming less respectable to admit—or to flourish—our weakness. It is possible, also, that women are actually growing stronger under modern conditions of hygiene and exercise. And however much handicapped they may be in the race that is still to the swift and the strong, women have got to shed the atmosphere of the sick-room if they are to do as much as they conceivably may.

Women fail because they do not have to succeed. They are under less economic pressure. Most women can still prevail upon some man to work for them. They can continue to take a part of the man's wages no matter how inadequate their own performances in the home may be. It seems probable that the economic pressure on women will become increasingly acute, and this will doubtless make a difference in the picture. But most of all, women are under less social pressure

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to succeed. There used to be a strong social pressure on women to be a good housekeeper and a "good wife." These village standards have broken down and nothing has come to take their place. In the occupations women appear to feel only a fraction, if any, of the pressure to which men respond by their determination to make good, no matter what it costs them. A woman's vanity is so largely occupied by her person and her personal—not necessarily sexual—triumphs that she seldom manifests that grim, dogged determination to put her job over, to establish her ideas or her scheme for the business which is characteristic not merely of the big men but of countless little ones. The man who gets involved in a struggle for a particular prize is under such pressure from his own pride and from his knowledge of the group's expectations that he says to himself, "I can't fail, I can't fail—I've got to put it over." The woman who takes a stand which begins to seem perilous to her dignity, may begin to retreat before she has half finished the fight, for she says in her heart, "I can fail—there's always an excuse." And when she has turned and fled, before the battle actually began, she can always go buy a new hat and find relief and solace in being told how much younger it makes her look.

There are other reasons why women fail, but none, I think, so important as this question of necessity, economic and psychological, because there is in their lives nothing comparable to the pressure toward success which keeps the average man struggling on, whether he wants to or not. At present in America the secretarial habit looms large as one of the reasons why women advance to so few positions of real importance. How much this is a temporary characteristic of newcomers in business it would be hard to say. Even women executives betray the traits of the perennial secretary and in dealing with their men equals or superiors behave with a combination of teasing, winsome child and sheltering mother. They plead, cajole, rebuke and reward in the intimate personal manner they have learned in the home. The secretary is at once the tyrant and the slave, as her mother may have been before her. Even her many real virtues work against her, for they keep her in a position where she can be exploited. She concentrates upon minutiae, is relentless in the pursuit of detail, shifts her task frequently with what is often a fatal adaptability, and worst of all does somebody else's work.

It is this tendency of women to do the work of somebody else which is one of the major restraints upon their individual achievement. They may do all the work, but they do not have to be responsible for it before the world. The countless books being written by unknown women for well-known men to sign, is a case in point. So long as women are such fools and cowards it is not surprising that they are so exploited. Doing the work of some one else, they do not have to plan a long way ahead, they do not have to have that famous business quality known to Rotarians as "vision," they do not have to take the chances or to accept the full responsibility. They crave at least the protection of a man's name, as a sort of figurehead behind which they feel magically safe.

D. H. Lawrence has attributed to the stenographer in business a large measure of masculine success. He sees the cause of this not in what they do but in what they are. It is sex in business that keeps the men going, he seems to say. The business man begins to feel himself a success when he can have a secretary. Some girl with a pencil in her hand must be audience to his prancing, must be consolation to his vanity when it is wounded, must be his conscience in social matters, his protection from annoyance and his excuse when things go wrong. The stenographer is wife and mother, child and mistress, with this advantage that she may always be left at the end of the day and dismissed at the end of the week. When he thinks of it the employer is apt to wax rhetorical and say that "this is Miss-So-and-So, who runs me while I run the business." It used to be "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world"; now we seem to hear more from our masculine sentimentalists about "Miss-So-and-So who runs me while I run the business." Few men appear to know that they require their stenographers to be at least a little in love with them (although employers have been quoted advising this), but many of them rely upon this just the same. The woman worker may never have learned shorthand and she may type with one finger, but if she does not watch out business will catch her and make her a stenographer at heart. One of the enlightened woman's agencies has been known to advise girls to conceal their knowledge of stenography, but this is not enough; they need a change of heart. Many an assistant chief and many a woman executive remains always

"Women fail because their men do not want them to succeed. The woman who wishes to be famous should not marry; rather she should attach to herself one or more women who will fetch and carry for her in the immemorial style of wives"

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in the stenographic attitude toward some man in the organization, while he never quite ceases to expect her to remind him to wear his rubbers and to look after his cough.

The stenographic attitude is a part of the general attitude of being a woman and leading a contingent life. Most women still lead contingent lives. It is not quite nice for them to be greedy and grasping for themselves, but they can be shameless for another—a man or a child. Great numbers of them prefer to work through another person and to find their own joys and compensations in the success of another. This is not so self-sacrificing; generally it appears to be the easier way. They still see their own success as involved in a close personal relation, and often if they keep the relation close enough they seem to forget the necessity of making it a success. Thus the hordes of discontented wives who, ceasing to appear admirable or desirable to their husbands, continue to demand money and prestige and attention because they are wives; thus the defrauded mothers whose children seek only to escape them while they clamor that the child bring back increasing tribute from that world with which the mothers have never dared to cope. We are only recently becoming aware of the evils of contingent living. Bitterness and frustration threaten any woman who seeks to find all her satisfactions in the efforts of another person, and disaster threatens the relation that involves this demand.

Contingent living. Not the firm satisfaction of a task performed as well as it may be, but the rewards of pleasing some other person. If women could get over the necessity of being pleasing, one very great obstacle to their success would be removed. We teach them in their cradles to be pleasing, and when they grow up find that they have learned their lesson too well. The graces and virtues inculcated in the growing girl belong to a non-competitive existence, the luxurious ornamentation for America's only leisure class. Knowing how to please is a valuable asset in getting a husband, although not necessarily in keeping one, and is of use at tea parties and in some of the minor jobs for which women show such a predilection. The woman who gets control of her own yearning to please so that she uses or lays aside this particular capacity according to the situation, is often a dangerous and terrible creature. No wonder that we catch our daughters early and train them to live by praise and personal appreciation; a deeper wisdom may lead us to fear a society in which would function very many of these female juggernauts who have laid aside the necessity of pleasing. Such women are largely freaks, because they have had to go against so much of their tradition and habitual responses. On the other hand, men appear to be adopting more of the technique of pleasing than was common to their fathers.

The technique of pleasing and the need to please are two different matters. It is the desperate need of personal appreciation and reassurance which splits the aim of so many women workers today. Until they can get away from the warm sentimentality of the nursery they will not find that permanent satisfaction in the impersonal relation of the worker to his work. And until they find this abiding and dependable satisfaction that grows out of adequate functioning in a task, out of a skilled performance that brings in part its own rewards, women will not have any security in this shifting world. Women who live, as so many do, for personal appreciation and for the rewards which they can only get for pleasing, risk the position of the aging actress who can no longer deny how thin has grown the applause and knows the bitterness of being less pleasing to her audience just when she has come to a period when she can be happy with nothing but a storm of full-throated bravos.

We all have need of personal appreciation and rewards, but only women are brought up to expect these twenty-four hours of the day. Women's lives are still too overcharged with emotion. I doubt if there is anything inherent or inevitable in this, but I suspect that it will continue to be true until parents crave for their daughters some cool, firm techniques and impersonal passions, until they can conceive of their daughters as craftsmen rather than cocottes, until they stop mawkishly handing out dolls on the Christmas tree and give their daughters the impersonal, non-human toys of their sons. I do not know how many middle-aged women still get a "thrill" out of the doll department of any store; I do not want to know; I am afraid I could not bear it. It is this heavy, overspiced, personal atmosphere of women's lives which makes the next point important.

Women fail because their men do not want them to succeed. This is not the same as saying that men do not want them to succeed, although this also is likely to be true. When relatively successful women workers talk quietly among themselves, and not for publication, stories of discrimination against the woman worker have sometimes a veracious ring that removes them entirely from the alibi class. The woman executive may know herself favored and excepted from the rule, and yet perceive throughout all her organization a slight advantage given always to the men. Women workers have come to shrug philosophic shoulders and agree that the woman worker has to be superior to the men in her level of salary and authority. This sometimes works real hardships; it is not "fair," but then, so few things are. It is quite natural that the men who give out the prizes should prefer them to go to creatures who are so reassuringly like themselves. But this situation will probably improve as men discover how like themselves the women workers may be, and as women improve their own position as good bets, or good risks, in industry. This general situation is important, but less important than the personal relation. It is the enemy within the gates who is most dangerous. Women fail because *their* men do not want them to succeed.

"He wanted her to have a little success, just enough to give her satisfaction without filling her head with ideas of new triumphs." So Louis Bromfield shrewdly writes of his young man in *Twenty-four Hours,* as that young man approaches the theatre where his sweetheart's big play is opening. A little success—but not too much. This must be the nightly prayer of countless husbands, brothers, fathers, whose women folks show a tendency to do something unusual. They are justified in their prayer, too, for we have not yet grown the kind of man who can accept his wife's superiority before the world without an unhealthy personality change in himself. We have too many homely proverbs about the proper position of the man for men to be able to accept

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This Week's Contributors

Lorine Pruette is a consulting psychologist, lecturer and writer.

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Colonel Ernest K. Coulter is a former New York newspaperman who turned lawyer and helped organize the first Children's Court in New York, of which he was clerk for many years. He founded the Big Brother Movement, and is now general manager of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

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The Jews War on Crime

By ERNEST K. COULTER

Twenty-five years ago Police Commissioner Bingham of New York City infuriated the Jews by his assertion that half of the city's criminals were Jews, although that people comprised only one-fourth the population. He retracted, but the charge stirred Jewry to action—and this article tells what has happened since then.

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WHAT is happening among the Jews? Those having to deal with delinquents and criminals in New York, the greatest Jewish center in the world, are awakening with a start as they realize that the population of our Jewish neighbors in prisons and reformatories is sinking to practically a negligible quantity. They are rubbing their eyes at a tremendous social metamorphosis wrought by a silent, earnest, efficient crusade of a people whose pride of race and resourcefulness were suddenly aroused into a preventive work and the development of social adjustments on a scale undreamed of in any other city. Within a comparatively few years, there has been a drop in delinquency and criminality among their people almost beyond belief.

An impolitic statement of a public official, which was regarded, at the time, by Jews and non-Jews as a reflection on the race, was a great stimulus to this campaign which, but a short time before, had started in a small way to cut down the number of delinquents and criminals. The statement was retracted, but almost instantly came the resolve, on the part of Jewish leaders, to bring about a condition where such a statement could never be made with truth, at least, not in New York City. The change has all come about in a little more than two decades.

What is set down here may better be told by one not of Jewry, so it cannot be said that the facts are presented in pride or boastfulness. Our Jewish friends have painstakingly refrained from statements which leaders of the other faiths might pardonably have presented as propaganda for a new social and religious evolution. Here are the facts given to the public for the first time.

New York was startled one morning in late August, 1908, by this newspaper quotation from an article in the *North American Review* by Police Commissioner Theodore A. Bingham on Foreign Criminals in New York: "It is not astonishing that with a million Hebrews, mainly Russian, in the city, one-quarter of the population, perhaps half the criminals should be of that race."

As was to be expected, this stirred up a hornets' nest. A retraction was forthcoming from General Bingham, who said that the figures used in the article were not compiled by himself, were furnished by others, and, unfortunately, assumed to be correct. Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, then of the Temple Emanu-el, said that "the incident should arouse Jews to their need of a permanent organization to deal with criminology as we now deal with poverty and disease."

Regardless of the fact that 27.4 per cent of the population of New York City is Jewish, the facts today are that less than eight per cent of the population of the five great prisons of the state —Auburn, Clinton, Great Meadows, Sing Sing and Attica state prison—where convicted felons of New York are sent, are Jews.

While the Jewish boys in the House of Refuge, a state institution for delinquents and misdemeanants of New York City between the ages of twelve and eighteen, was 58 per cent of the whole number seventeen years ago—and I am quoting this percentage from the eighth annual report of the Jewish Board of Guardians and the twenty-second annual report of its predecessor, The Jewish Protectory and Aid Society —the number of Jewish boys in that institution on last June 1st was less than five per cent. The official count of the institution on June 1st, 1931, was 590, with 21 Jews, or 3.56 per cent.

The number of prisoners at the New York State Reformatory, at Elmira, N. Y., on May 14, 1931, was 1,700 young men between the ages of 16 and 30, with 106 Jewish inmates; otherwise 6.7 per cent.

A survey of the population of Sing Sing prison on February 15 of this year, showed an actual count of 229 Jews, out of a total population of 2,304 inmates—10.6 per cent.

There is just one state institution in New York to which delinquent girls, under the age of sixteen, can be committed from New York City, the State Training School for Girls, at Hudson, N. Y. Out of a total population of 511 girls in that institution on the day this was written, seven are of Jewish parents; in other words, 1.37 per cent.

It is to be remembered, too, that the

Brown Brothers

HE STARTED IT

Half New York's criminals were Jews although Jews in 1908 comprised only one-fourth the population, said Police Commissioner Bingham —and the war was on

population of penal institutions and reformatories generally has increased in the last ten years. The total prison population of New York on June 30, 1920, was 3,879; and on the same date in 1930 it was 6,680, almost double in about ten years.

The proportion of Jewish arraignments for delinquency to the total delinquent arraignments for 1930 in the Children's Court was 12.1 per cent; the number of Jewish children coming into the Children's Court in the early days of that humane tribunal was almost 33 per cent. All children under the age of sixteen taken into custody because of delinquency, neglect or destitution must, under the law and police regulations, when they are not released on recognizance signed by the parents, be sheltered by a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children pending disposition by the Court of Municipal authorities. The total number of children sheltered by the Society of New York County from January to May, 1931, inclusive, was 2,404. Of this number only 176 were of Jewish parentage; 7.3 per cent of the total. The number of children sheltered because of alleged delinquency was 1,319. Of this number only 90 were of Jewish parents; a percentage of 6.8 per cent.

Some of those who persist in a pernicious prejudice against the Jew have said: "Delinquents and criminals of the Jewish race change their names and claim other nativity, at the instigation of parents or others of their faith, with the thought of gaining more favorable consideration." I have the word of sev-

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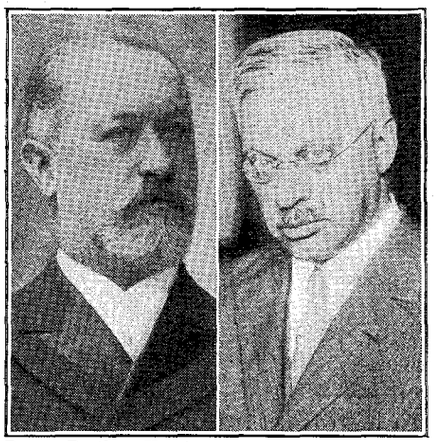
eral of the heads of New York's great institutions that this is not correct. The percentage is negligible.

What has brought about this great change in the Hebraic percentage of population in prisons and reformatories on which we can now well reflect? Two factors generally: First, an intensive, carefully studied campaign among their own people by spiritually and socially minded men and women, whose idealism had been shocked and intelligence startled by the statement of a non-Jewish public official, a little more than two decades ago. Whether or not the then Police Commissioner told the truth, and even though he retracted the statement, they did not dally, but instantly the leaders resolved to work. The other great factor, which has begun to make itself markedly felt within the last ten years, has been restriction of immigration, with changed living customs and improved employment conditions up to 1930.

It was a tradition up to fifty years ago that the only Jew ever convicted of murder in New York up to that time had changed his religion the night before he was to be hung and was attended by a spiritual adviser of a different faith. Such was the pride of race, even in a murderer, that he did not want it to be said that a Jew had been hanged. But times changed vastly after that, and it is well known that a toll of death-house inmates at Sing Sing, in later years, would have shown its quota of Jews.

As clerk of the Children's Court, I recall vividly how the late Julius M. Mayer, himself a Jew, one of the first justices to sit in the first Children's Court in New York, daily lamented the fact that there was no Jewish protectory to which to send delinquent boys of the Jewish faith whose commitment was necessary. In those days, the first Children's Court in New York embraced New York and Bronx counties. The laws of New York wisely provided that, where a child is committed to an institution or turned over to a guardian not his own parents, he shall go to an institution or guardian, "when practicable," of the same religious faith as his parents. The state thus, fortunately, endeavors to preserve the parental faith. Philanthropists, yes, and those of moderate means of the Jewish faith, have always subscribed liberally to orphanages and charitable institutions. They were noted for their generosity in this respect, but they could not realize that there were Jewish criminals. In those days, there came streaming into the Children's Court, from the dense alien colonies of Hester Street, Forsyth and similar neighborhoods, a great number of Jewish children. They made up almost one-third of the total brought into the Children's Court at that time.

Due to lack of Jewish reformatories for Jewish delinquent children, the Juvenile Asylum and the Catholic Protectory, at the earnest solicitation of the judges of the Children's Court, consented to take some Jewish children on commitment. The acceptance by these institutions of Jewish children was purely an accommodation and an act of friendship. In 1902 Judge Mayer



Brown Brothers-Keystone

Two Jews who played a great part in starting the war on crime and delinquency—the late Jacob H. Schiff and Judge Julius M. Mayer

realized there was only one way to bring about a reformatory for Jewish children, and that was to present the need so strikingly that the Jewish philanthropists would have to admit that it existed. So he invited the late Jacob H. Schiff, banker and philanthropist, known the world over for his many benefactions, to sit with him one Saturday in the Children's Court.

Besides the Jewish delinquent boys who were to report on this particular Saturday under Judge Mayer's direction, there was the usual overnight crop of juvenile arrests, boys who were having their first hearings in court, yes, and some repeaters. In those days, some of the cleverest pickpockets in New York were Jewish boys under the age of sixteen. Ally Rosenfeld, for instance, known as the "million dollar grafter," and others so skillful that I have seen them, when put to the test in court, pilfer stickpins and watches from lawyers and social workers who had been previously warned of their intentions.

The calendar on the day of Mr. Schiff's visit had more than one hundred cases, and, as Judge Mayer had arranged it, at least three-quarters of all the cases were those of Jewish boys under the age of sixteen charged with offenses which, if committed by adults, would have been crimes, many of them felonies. With many of the youngsters, who came back to report on parole, the home conditions were obviously so bad that it was seen that little could be done to save the youngster, unless he were taken from that environment. Many of the delinquencies were ordinary thefts, robbery, professional begging, etc., only they were not so labeled.

As Mr. Schiff listened to the first arraignments and parole reports, he grew grievously disturbed; yes, the great philanthropist, who had believed so thoroughly that the eternal principles of life which his fathers founded long ago were being carried into the present-day activities of his people, was shocked. He, like other great leaders of his people, had been reluctant to believe that there were serious lawbreakers among the Jews.

"And these are the boys that our Protestant and Catholic friends have had to provide for because we have refused to open our eyes?" asked Mr. Schiff.

Before the court session was over, Mr. Schiff had called Judge Mayer into the Judge's chambers and there volunteered an initial subscription of $100,000, which later grew in his family to more than $400,000, for a Jewish Protectory. The Jewish Protectory and Aid Society was incorporated, and the Hawthorne School, an up-to-date reformatory institution, on the cottage plan, was completed at Hawthorne, New York, in April, 1907. This was later consolidated with the Jewish Prisoner's Aid Society, at a total cost of $713,000. The school has a capacity for 450, and it was not long before that capacity was being taxed. Today, Hawthorne School has just 151 inmates.

STIRRED by Commissioner Bingham's comment in 1908, socially minded Jewish leaders took on a sudden, quiet, but intensive activity in the organization of various agencies, preventive, protective and educational, for their own people. Their women's probation court and parole work was organized in that same year. The value of the Big Brother work organized to help the Protestant work in the Children's Court in 1904 was apparent to them, and they established a most effective work for their own boys on this same line in that same year. The Jewish Big Sisters were organized in 1910; the Cedar Knolls School for Jewish Girls in 1913. The work of Lakeview Home for Unmarried Mothers, which was already in existence, was greatly strengthened under the Council of Jewish Women. Later, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropic Societies formed with ninety-one organizations subsidiary to it. Then there were con-

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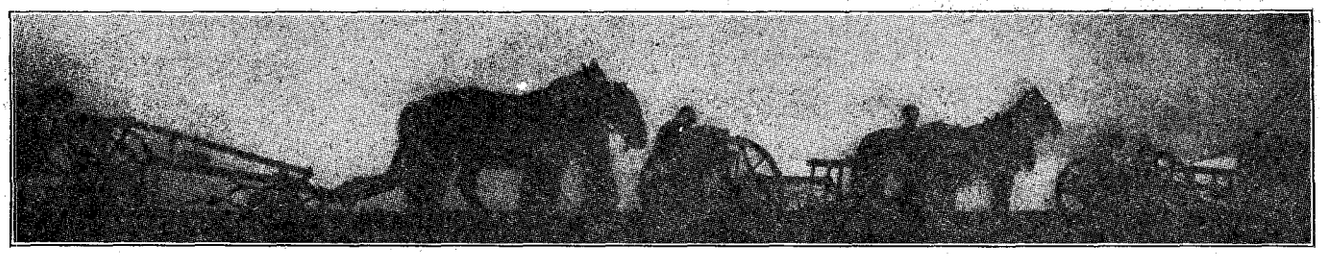

Facing Facts About Russia

By ROBERT CRUISE McMANUS

A FEW YEARS ago, when Colonel Hugh Cooper, foremost of our hydroelectric engineers, went to Russia to direct the construction of a gigantic dam on the Dnieper River, nobody in this country paid much attention. After the Communists announced their "preposterous" Five-Year program we stopped counting dividends long enough to sneer "impossible" and went on ignoring the growing numbers of American and other experts who, lured by big money, were crossing the Soviet border to take a substantial part in Russia's industrial development.

Then the depression fell on us, the world went broke in a dozen places at once and we began looking for someone to blame. Our eye fell on the U. S. S. R. and its Five-Year Plan which, contrary to all expectations, seemed to be succeeding. Belligerently returning to the international commerce from which she had so long been absent, Russia, we learned, was underselling her competitors in markets all over the globe.

In Colonel Cooper's wake we found Americans scattered throughout every branch of Soviet industry. Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway, surveyed the Russian transportation system and made certain recommendations in the light of which one hundred and thirty lesser Yankee experts are attacking this most acute of the Soviets' industrial problems. Thomas Campbell, the Montana farmer, gave advice on agriculture, Henry Ford (though without leaving this country) on the manufacture of tractors and automobiles, John Calder on the erection of tractor plants, so that the Soviet Union progressed internally to the point where our cotton exports to her fell off $18,000,000 in six months, while she reappeared aggressively as a grain exporter when elevators groaned with a surplus. Walter A. Rukeyser took a leading part in speeding up her asbestos output from a comparatively insignificant figure to an amount which, by 1933, may be nearly twice the entire world production of 1928.

Others helped and are helping the Bolshevik to mine coal and iron, to make steel, to quadruple pre-war petroleum exports into a world swimming with oil. The list of companies selling aid to the avowed enemy of our economic system reads like a "Who's Who" of American industry; Ford, Du Pont, General Electric, Radio Corporation, Austin Company of Cleveland, Koppers Construction Company, Akron Rubber, Timken-Detroit Axle, Hercules Motor, Newport News Shipbuilding, Penick and Ford, Albert Kahn, Stuart, James and Cooke, and so on.

And the process, we found, works both ways. To the United States comes a constant stream of Communists bent on learning the methods which have made us, so hastily, into the greatest industrial nation of history. Our mass production, our long-haul transportation, our electrification of home and industry, furnish the models they hope physically, though not economically or politically, to reproduce. They have visited the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, admittedly the best answer to the complex problem of distribution yet devised. They toured the continent observing our railroads. They are regularly employed in the factories of Ford, the General Electric and elsewhere and in one month of last year, according to the *Economic Review of the Soviet Union*, there were five hundred Communists in this country on missions connected with the Five-Year program, which one of its authors has described as "a great plan of world revolution." As we began to notice the effect of all this assistance, as we felt the squeezing presence of the Bolshevik in the markets we had long been filling without him, we called on those Americans who had set him on his feet to defend themselves, which they did.

Our first complaint, as to Russia's part in aggravating the depression, was blown away by the engineers and the Russo-trade apologists with the tirelessly reiterated statement that Soviet exports constitute but two per cent of world exports, which renders them incapable of doing much wholesale damage. Our charge that in building up the Bolshevik they had harmed us was denied when they showed that they had actually made him into an eager customer who had given us a half-billion-dollar trade balance in seven years and was hungry for as much more of our goods as he could get. Our excited talk of the Soviet Union's "dumping," or selling abroad at less than the cost of production in order to break her rivals, was brushed aside as a dwindling threat with the explanation that such a practice would put the producer out of business before it brought down the consumer. Finally, our whole argument felt the shattering impact of broadside fire when they declared that Russia's development was inevitable anyway, whether we liked it or not.

"It seems quite presumptuous," one American expert told me "for us to assume that Russia would remain backward if we chose to withhold advice."

WE CANNOT, they told us, go on supposing that one hundred and fifty million people, who occupy a sixth of the world's surface and share with ourselves half of its resources, will be forever non-existent in international economics. We cannot reasonably believe that they will desert their present leadership, for years at least, or that they will return to capitalism through the interference or punishment of outsiders. A handful of engineers' blueprints, supplied or withheld, can have little effect on the ultimate course of Communism and besides, the apologists concluded, even if the Americans stayed at home their jobs would be filled by Germans, whose present plight is so desperate that they will go anywhere for work without pausing to examine the economic beliefs of their employers. So the progress of the Socialist state would not thus be noticeably stayed.

Backed into our second line of trenches, convinced still that the fight of capitalism and socialism was something considerably more than a sham battle, we started looking for more ammunition. It was supplied by the Bolsheviks themselves.

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"The fundamental conflict between socialism and capitalism," Boris Skvirsky, unofficial Soviet "ambassador" to this country, said once to the writer, "is—which can produce cheaper?"

As we inched toward the horizon, our ears ringing with confused shouts of revolution, this was the one hardening issue we could unquestionably discern. It was what Litvinov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, meant when at Geneva a few weeks ago he pointed out that, because her farmers had no rent to pay, Russia's agricultural commodities could be produced at less expense than those of her capitalist competitors. It was what his colleague Lubimov stated almost simultaneously to the international wheat conferees at London when, insisting on Russia's right to reassume her pre-war leadership among grain exporters, he refused to accept the fixing of any minimum price per bushel.

It seems likely that, with state ownership of resources and monopoly of foreign trade, with controlled currency, regimented labor and a revolving system of bookkeeping which covers the losses of one industry with the profits of another, the socialist state can and will produce her almost inexhaustible raw materials, grain, ores, metals and oil, cheaper than we can. (Soviet manufactures, turned out by ignorant workmen laboring under an unwieldy bureaucratic system which even yet provides small incentive for individual effort, are so far not serious competitors and may never become so.) It is also a fairly safe assumption that, within the limits of her planned trade balance, she will sell these materials abroad as she is doing at present—"just low enough to get the business, but no lower." That means that, to keep from going broke, her rivals will have to "step." Ironically, it is the very capitalist competition which every true socialist professes so to abhor.

When we found all this out we resumed our abuse. It may be true, we said, that Soviet exports constitute so far but two per cent of world exports, which is but half the percentage reached under the Czar, and that they will be increased only to pay for increased imports, but this is no comfort to those of us who expanded to fill the markets left vacant by the Czarist downfall. Talk of two per cent does not banish the woes of the American wheat exporter, for instance (who may have been on his way out of business anyway, but is proceeding downhill at an even faster rate with the aid of a Bolshevik kick), the cotton exporter, the oil man or the manganese producer. The once fallen rival has sprung up with too sudden strength for some of us to meet him and the capitalist expert, the engineer, and technical adviser has had much to do with bringing him so abruptly to his feet. So we lost our tempers, ran after the cyclone and tried to spank it for breaking windows.

The all-important truth which most of us have not yet grasped is that there is very little we can do about what has already occurred and the things we are trying to do will only aggravate our difficulties. The Soviet Union stands enormously before us, whether we like it or not—"a fact," as Litvinov says, "which has got to be reckoned with, which cannot be made to disappear by incantations of abuse or resolutions of individuals still clinging to the dream of getting rid of it by magic."

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of August 1, 1951

The anniversary issue of *Ballyhoo*, dated August, 1951, appeared this week on the news-stands, each copy enclosed in a leather brief case.

A speaker at the annual meeting of the Radio Engineering Society at Atlantic City last week said: "It is hard for the younger members of our profession to realize the crudity and confusion of radio eighteen or twenty years ago before the complete development of the directional broadcast."

The Academy of Medicine and Psychology announced on Thursday the early publication of three new monographs in its Recurring Epidemics Series, entitled "Transatlantic Flying," "Hay Fever" and "Christmas Cards."

It has been stated often enough that, without regard to the situation in other markets, in the commerce which takes place directly between the Soviet Union and ourselves, we have decidedly the upper hand. Specifically, we sell her five times as much goods—chiefly farm implements and other manufactures—as she sells us. Many of her exports to us, such as certain furs, caviar, etc., are not produced in this country. Yet it is precisely this highly profitable and largely non-competitive commerce which we are assaulting in the misguided belief that other countries will follow suit to reduce Russia to the status of an economic pariah.

Led by the disgruntled manganese and lumber interests, spurred by the agitation of politicians and patriots longer on invective than statistics and by the bombastic pronunciamentoes of many Bolshevists themselves, there is a growing movement in the United States to impose an embargo on all products of the Soviet Union. Already the mounting restrictions we are putting in her way, the credit difficulties, the charges of forced labor, etc., are having their effect. If we will not buy from her, she will not buy from us. For the six months ending March 31, 1931, Soviet purchases in the United States declined 45 per cent under the figure reached in the corresponding period of 1929-30. And if we slapped an embargo on all of Russia's products tomorrow, she would take similar action with our own, as she has done with Canada's, the day after. The net result would be that we could give jobs to from 6,000 to 10,000 workers in the industries released from Russian competition, while putting out of work nearly 60,000 of those engaged in manufacturing goods destined for the Soviet Union. This is a mysterious way to attack the "Red Menace."

Meanwhile, as her spokesmen dramatically remind us of the Bolshevik threat, Europe is falling over herself in the race for Soviet orders. France, once the spearhead of the anti-Bolshevik movement, has joined the scramble. Italy and Germany have extended previous credit agreements in the belief that such extensions will increase Russian purchases of their own goods. Additional credit negotiations have begun in Great Britain. Our opportunity is slipping, for although the Soviet Union still prefers the products of American factories, the story has reached us that European firms are contracting to furnish her with machinery of American design.

It is time for us to realize that we are decidedly out of date on this Russian situation and that in our zeal to be patriotic and protect ourselves against the menace of Communism we are playing the wrong card. We have not yet swallowed the fact of Russia's actual, robust existence; we seem unable to grasp the idea that she is going to sell her goods to the world whether we like it or not. It is undoubtedly true that, in the readjustment following her reappearance as a competitor, some of our industries are suffering at least temporary harm. But they will suffer to some extent whether we buy Russia's caviar or not and there are a preponderant number of others which may benefit by Soviet commerce if the injured will stop trying to keep us all out of the manger. There is nothing patriotic in setting up restrictions which will throw American workmen out of their jobs; unemployment is exactly the sort of soil in which Communism flourishes fastest. Unless we stop trying to nail up the barn door pretty soon we may find that the horse, which is already missing, has been stolen.

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A Gentleman's Racket

(Continued from Page 459)

the clerks. I do not know whether the stockholders of the chain profit from these games, but I do know that the managers cannot be ignorant of what is happening, as all that they have to do is to enter any of their stores and discover the green velvet dice tables and punch-boards placed in prominent and enticing positions.

The average sixteen and 50-cent, thirty and $1.50 dice game, with its variations, is probably the most popular game in Oregon, Washington and California. It is a "respectable" game which is played by the city business men in the more prosperous metropolitan cigar and drug stores. For 10 cents you have 10 throws with 2 dice to make 16 of the same of the highest number in the first throw. If you succeed in making your 16 numbers you get 50 cents. If you get doubles, you have four extra throws. In this way you make thirty or more of the same number. If you get thirty, you receive $1.50 plus 10 cents for each number over thirty. This sounds very easy. Actually you have about one chance in 980 to succeed. It is nearly as fool-proof as the "Little Sweetheart" board.

In Chicago and through the Mississippi valley the gambling machines are the most popular. It is so popular that one company alone was reported to have turned out more than 900 of these machines in eleven months. Inasmuch as these devices cost from $35 up to make, depending on their complexity, you can see that there is also considerable profit in their manufacture, as they are sold for about three times the cost. Very rarely are the machines sold directly to the stores. Almost always a "group" (never a gang in this gentleman's business) buys the machines outright and rents them at a flat rate or on a percentage basis to the individual stores. Mr. Hilmer believes that there are at least 40,000 of these machines placed from Chicago west, but from the vague figures gathered from the three major middle western factories I estimate that there are probably nearer 25,000. As each machine averages about $10 a month, that brings the yearly "draw" up to three million dollars. Quite a respectable sum!

Experts figure that the coin machines offer the best chances of winning, providing a machine is honestly run. The average 10-cent to 50-cent machines pay out anywhere from once-for-every-seven to once-for-every-thirty-five. Unfortunately, most of these machines can be quickly rigged to increase the chances as high as one in two hundred. Night clubs and speakeasies especially are fond of coin machines. The glistening glass cases showing the scientific arrangement of wheels and levers and tantalizing stacks of coin have a high quality of lure. The usual procedure is to have two or more of these machines placed close to each other. One machine will be clocked to pay very often, even as often as one in three. The other one, or more, will work proportionately high. As soon as one player makes a killing on the "easy" machine, other customers naturally are tempted to try their luck. As the machines can be changed electrically every hour, or by hand every day, it is impossible to predict which one will pay most often. Consequently, the "easy" machine increases business many times over, and the other machines reap the profit.

The mechanical gambling stands are usually in evidence in the suburbs or along the roads leading into the city. A cigar store or drug store in the middle of the city cannot display them safely. They are too expensive to risk seizure. Too many policemen wander in and out. The punch-boards, dice and card games can be safely played. There is nothing of value to seize. The average policeman, unless urged by some higher power such as a district attorney out for election publicity, is not going to drag in upright business men just because he happens to find them playing a comparatively innocuous game of chance with a reputable merchant.

As the depression increases in severity, these various petty cash gambling games are rapidly increasing their extent of operations. They are popular because the player has to risk only a few cents at a time. The average person is ignorant of the tremendous odds stacked against him. He sees only an opportunity to gain $5 to $10 quickly. The amount risked at each time seems so small that—according to competent operators—most men and women, once starting to beat the laws of chance, invariably form the habit of playing from 10 cents to several dollars each time.

New petty cash rackets are constantly springing up. I have read that over three million dollars was spent in the United States last year on lottery tickets alone. The latest thing that I know of is betting on future serial numbers printed on popular priced cigarette packages. Recently, in one eastern city, the betting on published financial statements grew to such enormous proportions that the newspapers were requested to abstain from printing the figures. That did little good, as the group operating this racket immediately switched the number to the automobile license of the car that should happen to pass a certain corner at a certain hour; the hour and the name of the corner being withdrawn from a basket after the lists were closed. This was quite successful until it was discovered that the members of the group always determined on the car which was to pass the corner. A traffic jam held up their car. Another car passed the corner at the specified hour and the "group" promptly took the train for Canada.

We shall always have betting with us in one form or other. Nevada has recognized this fact by legalizing gambling. As long as betting is outlawed it will be run dishonestly. Laws cannot stamp it out. Laws only help to increase it. Because of our virtuously inspired laws, this virtuous country is now throwing about twenty million dollars each year into the hands of some seventy large gambling groups or syndicates, and into Lord knows how many smaller groups. Most people gamble because they fondly believe that they are getting something for nothing. Because they only pay out small amounts at a time, they spend staggering amounts on these petty cash rackets without realizing it. It is the biggest sucker racket that we have with us today and the least known. There is only one sure way of curing it. If every one realized that there was about one chance in a thousand to win, there would be a certain amount of hesitation before any money was spent—even if it was only a dime. But just try to persuade any one that he is not that one man in a thousand! After all, it's worth a dime to find out. A dime isn't much anyway when you can win $5—*maybe!*

The sum is too small to interest the big beer, dope or labor racketeer. That's why it is a nice gentleman's racket. No murders. No large fines. No publicity. Just a twenty million dollar sucker income—and growing every year.

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The Spotlight on Sports

The Wightman Cup

AS THESE lines are read, women tennis players hold the spotlight. Five English girls are meeting five Americans in a team match for the Wightman Trophy at Forest Hills, New York.

Few international sports competitions have seen such an even distribution of spoils. Each side has won the Wightman Cup four times. The present contest is thus the rubber match. Precedent indicates that victory hinges chiefly on environment. The home team has won six of the eight ties.

Women, it appears, find it harder than men to adjust themselves to changes in court, climate, food, implements and surroundings. The tennis ball used in America is livelier than its British counterpart. It bounds higher, a resiliency accentuated by our sun-baked turf. Lush, spongy grass carpets the center court at Wimbledon. Despite careful grooming, the Forest Hills enclosure presents a spike-worn, heat-hardened surface dotted with thin spots. "It feels like stroking thistledown," remarked little Miss Phyllis Mudford of the visiting team as she hit one of her characteristically vicious forehand drives.

America, playing without Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, lost to England by a single point at Wimbledon last summer. With Mrs. Moody again available after an interlude of domesticity, America should reverse that verdict in its own backyard. English athletes, male and female, seldom reproduce their best form on this side of the Atlantic. Our summer heat wilts them. Conditions governing the Wightman tie differ from those under which the Davis Cup series is decided. The Wightman competition is restricted to two nations. The girls play five singles matches and two doubles, the number one and two singles candidates engaging each other in a round robin. Granting that the playing form of feminine athletes is necessarily variable, it seems probable that Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs will win at least three of their four singles matches—a decisive edge.

Beauty on the Courts

THE British Wightman Cup Team—two matrons and three maids—has been busy tuning up its strokes at Forest Hills for the international team match. My contemporary who wrote "Muscle Molls—You Can Have Them" should be introduced to Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, the former Eileen Bennett. I imagine he would amend his assertion that athletic games invariably ruin a girl's looks and destroy her charm.

Generalities are always treacherous. Mrs. Whittingstall is prettier than any girl now being glorified by Ziegfeld. Slim as a Park Avenue debutante, pertly vivacious, Mrs. Whittingstall is a living refutation of the charge that tennis cannot but harden a girl's muscles and solidify her pliant contours. The erstwhile Miss Bennett—a plague on these married names for feminine athletes—is quite the best looking girl ever to appear on the stadium court at Forest Hills. Her hoydenish eyes and expressive mouth give a lively mobility to her face which you miss in Mrs. Moody's unemotional Grecian profile. There is something a little frightening to opponents about the California girl's grim placidity. Beneath that Mona Lisa mask emotions seethe in a very human way, but rivals have the hopeless feeling of trading shots with a cold, impersonal machine. They don't realize that Mrs. Moody's "poker face" is assumed as a competitive weapon. The brightest of the women tennis stars, far from being phlegmatic by nature, is actually tautly keyed.

Miss Betty Nuthall, who holds the American singles title by grace of Mrs. Moody's temporary retirement, is the typical English type of pinkly fresh, buxom girlhood. Her rosy cheeks, painted by the damp British winds, need no synthetic coloring. Her full, dimpled face, with its unaffected smile, radiates a school girl's zest for living. Miss Nuthall's ingenuous charm, her wholesome sweetness, has endeared her to American audiences. Her vigorous game, prodigal of energy, appeals to our love of action. She doesn't fear any foe—not even the invincible Mrs. Moody, whom she forced to deuce sets in a Wightman match two years ago—by hitting out freely instead of tightening up. Unlike Mrs. Moody's other adversaries, Miss Nuthall can be herself against the champion. "Bounding Betty," as newspaper writers like to call her, won't win a set from the Robot-like Californian, but Mrs. Moody must resign herself to some undignified hustling when their paths cross.

A Farewell to Pop Bottles

"DELENDA EST CARTHAGO," reiterated crusty old Cato as he addressed the Roman Senate and warned them of Hannibal's dream of African empire. "The pop bottle must go," mutters John Heydler, National League President, as he reads his umpire's report of the latest atrocity on the St. Louis front. The genus baseball bug which infests St. Louis belongs to a particularly virulent species. Out in the Kerry Patch district, the pop bottle becomes a lethal weapon.

Denizens of the bleachers in "Sportsman Park" (sic) don't believe in sitting passively by while an alien outfielder chases a fly. They take positive action. The unfortunate fly-chaser is mentally distracted, if not physically dazed, by a volley of glassware.

Some years ago, "Whitey" Witt of the New York Yankees was "beaned" by a pop bottle and carried unconscious from the field. He narrowly escaped a fractured skull. A few weeks back, Fred Leach of the New York Giants was the target of these bottle-hurling hoodlums. One missile, aimed at his head, missed by inches. What crime had the mild, unobtrusive Leach committed against the Mound City burghers? A heinous one. Leach had the temerity to catch the seething liner from Hafey's bat which would have given St. Louis the ball game! Men have been murdered for less than that, but not on a baseball diamond.

Unable to curb this type of muckerism, President Heydler has decided to disarm the thugs, or at least to stop selling them ammunition. Next year the League directors may ban the pop bottle from ball parks. Soft drinks could be dispensed in paper containers.

In Brooklyn they sling glassware occasionally, but not with malicious intent. Flatbush bottle-throwers toss their crystal tributes at the umpire's feet never at a visiting player's head. Their is a gesture of protest against constituted authority, a spontaneous release of animal spirits psychologically akin to "bottle night" on the Yale Campus.

(Continued on Page 470)

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The Week in Business

No Net Change

THE ups and downs of the week fairly offset each other, leaving the general trend virtually unchanged. In many sections of the country the heat slowed up retail trade, which had achieved good headway, but this was fully balanced by improvement in steel operations and other industrial activities.

Reduction of the dividend rate by United States Steel and Bethlehem produced a reaction in the investment markets which would have been far more pronounced if the action of the directors had not been fairly well discounted in advance. While the usual rumblings from disappointed stockholders may be heard, there is a strong undercurrent of feeling that the companies could not have done anything else, and that their action will prove to be beneficial to the industry and to general business in the long run.

Beside better conditions in steel production there was a continuation of promising activity in the textiles, with wool still in the lead and cotton at the other end of the procession. Building construction has taken an upswing in St. Louis and Atlanta, and Chicago reports that the effects of the recent spurt in retail trade have finally reached the wholesalers.

Business developments during August will, we hope, be interpreted with due regard to normal seasonal trends. In both production and distribution this is usually the slowest month on the calendar. This year, more than ever, we should be on guard against giving an unfavorable interpretation to reductions which reflect nothing more serious than seasonal variations.

Copper Must Act

BACK in 1920 the copper industry pulled itself out of a deep hole by arranging for a complete shutdown of production which lasted thirteen months. Six weeks ago the producers made another attempt to restrict output, but it was a flop. They will have to try again.

The present troubles of this important industry are largely the fault of the producers themselves. By pegging the price of copper at 18 cents a pound they invited competition which now threatens to engulf them. Attracted by the price, artificially held at a high level, International Nickel plunged into a feverish development of its copper properties and intensive work was begun in the Northern Rhodesian fields of Africa. One African mine, the Katanga, produced 306,326,965 pounds of copper last year. The Rhokana group can lay down refined copper in either London or New York at 8 cents a pound.

Although no agreement has been reached, some of the American mines have started a shutdown movement of their own. Magma, a low-cost producer, has suspended mining operations for three months. United Verde, setting the limit at 12 cents, has been shut down for some time.

Stabilization for copper is desperately needed. So long as above-ground stocks continue to increase and prices decline, buyers will hold off in hope of even lower levels. The leading producers, including those in Africa, appear willing to join a movement for world stabilization. Some one must do for copper what Chadbourne has done for sugar, and do it now.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 30—69.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 30—63.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 18—757,555 cars (reduction of 6,026 under preceding week and of 170,716 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended July 25—33% of capacity (increase of 2% over preceding week; reduction of 24.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 25—daily average gross 2,486,950 barrels (increase of 40,150 over preceding week; reduction of 1,750 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended July 25—2,784,000 bushels (increase of 588,000 over preceding week; reduction of 706,000 under same week of 1930).

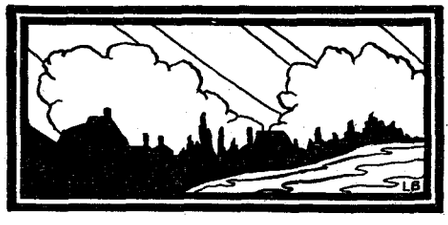
Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 30—$6,237,037,000 (reduction of 11.1% under preceding week and of 33.4% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 30—483 (increase of 14 over preceding week and of 15 over same week of 1930).

What Price Cactus?

ONE of the joys of camping on the trail of business is the discovery, now and then, of a new industry or a novel production or sales idea. The latest addition to our collection is "Cactizona."

Not long ago a prospector in the Arizona desert learned from friendly Indians that the pulp of certain cactus plants would make the alkali water of springs and waterholes drinkable. He loaded one of his burros with the pulp and took it to Los Angeles. There he treated a quantity of alkali water with the pulp and found that it did render the water drinkable for both humans and live stock.



Going back to his prospecting, he discarded the rest of the pulp, and the experiments were continued by an engineer for a group of apartment houses, who had had trouble in keeping the boilers and other parts of his heating systems clean and free from scale and rust. The engineer made a solution of the pulp and put it into the boiler water. It worked like magic.

Next he tried it in field boilers for well-drilling outfits. In the Spindletop oil fields near Beaumont, Texas, where the water was so bad that a good boiler would last only a few weeks, it proved a life-saver. Patents were secured, a production company was formed, and "Cactizona" is keeping boilers, pipes and radiators clean in 20 states and several of the provinces of Canada. Now if some one will discover a use for desert sage, we'll have material for another romance-of-industry story.

Principles of Organization

JAMES D. MOONEY, vice-president of General Motors Corporation in charge of overseas operations, and Alan C. Reiley, former advertising manager of the Remington Typewriter Company, have done a particularly effective job of teamwork in producing *Onward Industry!* (Harper, $6).

Their key idea is that certain well-defined principles of organization have been in process of crystallization through the centuries, shaping the fortunes of such institutions as the state, the army and the church, and they show how these principles do and may affect our modern industrial system.

The vision of these two specialists in marketing is remarkably clear. Market expansion, they say, involves something more than a common industrial interest. It involves an actual industrial interdependence that extends to all industry, including all competitors in the same industry. When the nature and necessity of the marketing service are clearly understood, even active competitors may undertake such service in the same spirit of mutual helpfulness that should be manifest in industry as a whole.

In reviewing close to 400 business books, we have not encountered one quite like *Onward Industry!* Mr. Mooney and Mr. Reiley tackled a gigantic task, but they were more than equal to it. Business will surely give their work an A1 rating.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The New Movies

"Transatlantic"

WILLIAM K. HOWARD, one of this department's favorite directors, has come through again, this time with an expertly contrived melodrama laid aboard a big Atlantic liner. It is good entertainment—the best thing Fox has turned out since *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*—but it should have been a great deal better. It might, for instance, have been as good as *Grand Hotel*, a play by a German girl about life in a big hotel, now running in New York. *Transatlantic* resembles *Grand Hotel* in many ways. Both rely on the fact that in such big institutions as hotels and ocean liners all sorts and conditions of people are thrown into close proximity, and often find out surprising things about each other. *Transatlantic* features Edmund Lowe, the unbelievably lovely Greta Nissen, Myrna Loy, and Lois Moran, much improved since her appearance on the stage last winter. As ordinary movie melodrama, *Transatlantic* is entirely satisfactory, but as a set of character studies it doesn't come to much. Mr. Lowe is a gambler, Miss Nissen is his former mistress, and a dancer, John Halliday and Myrna Loy are a banker and his wife, Jean Hersholt and Miss Moran are a retired lens-grinder and his daughter. In mid-ocean it is revealed that the banker's bank has failed, and that he is escaping to Europe with its funds. He is nearly murdered by an unknown person, and later Mr. Lowe engages in a gun-battle in the engine-room of the ship. (Oddly enough, this fight goes on for about five minutes before any of the engine crew notice the shots.) The characters are incomplete dummies speaking lines, and while they furnish excitement, they could also furnish emotional interest were they better drawn. Another trouble with *Transatlantic* is that Edmund Lowe is not an actor at all—he is just a personality called Edmund Lowe.

Other New Films

Night Nurse is another picture which should have been a whole lot better, and would have been but for Hollywood's well-known fear of stepping on anybody's toes. Barbara Stanwyck is a trained nurse in a house where a pair of villains are trying to starve a couple of sickly children to death to get their trust fund. As the nurse in charge, Miss Stanwyck tries to get an honest doctor in on the case, but "professional ethics" stand in the way until the patients are practically dead. *Night Nurse* is jumbled and muffs some of its big moments, but it is effective and occasionally gripping.

The Immortal Vagabond is an English-language picture made by UFA of Germany, and I think you will enjoy it, for it is not only well acted and directed, but has a color and a feeling for its little Tyrolean town and its people which Hollywood could never have achieved. It also has some pleasant musical numbers.

A Jew at War is the latest message from Soviet Russia. It is a silent film full of what they love to call "ideaology," and photographed with the usual Soviet skill. Two old friends, one a German and the other a Russian, meet during the War, and decide to work for a "better humanity." Later one of them is unfaithful to the Soviet cause by entertaining a lot of opera girls with a banquet during a food shortage, and his friend, seeing his duty, kills him. Do you suppose the Russian workers really enjoy these "messages," day in, day out?

"The Magnificent Lie"

Ruth Chatterton's latest is so unusual that its dragging moments might well be forgotten and forgiven. In *The Magnificent Lie* she appears as a cheap cabaret singer in New Orleans who impersonates a famous French actress to please a War veteran who goes blind and thinks she is really a great actress. It is quite a bit better than it sounds, and followers of Ruth Chatterton should be interested if not satisfied. The drama comes when she discovers that the deception, which started as a joke, is breaking the man's heart. The film failed where Hollywood usually fails. The characters are sketchy shadows without any of the associates or occupations which characterize real people. Ralph Bellamy, the veteran, is simply an automaton.

CREIGHTON PEET.

Worth Seeing

Man in Possession: Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell in a delightful comedy.
Murder by the Clock: Sinister doings in a graveyard. Old hokum, but effective.
Mystery of Life: Clarence Darrow speaks a piece as accompaniment to a film about evolution. Cut in spots by New York State censors, who ought to be ashamed.
Newly Rich: Fantasy about two child movie stars and their ambitious mamas.
Politics: Marie Dressler and Polly Moran undertake to clean up the town—with Marie as mayor.
Rebound: Ina Claire's best screen performance and some well-written dialogue.
Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour: Your old friend assisted by the invaluable Dr. Watson. A surprisingly good British film.
Smart Money: Edward G. Robinson gives a character study of a big time gambler.
Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier's latest operetta, with Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins. Light and amusing.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 468)

A Poor Excuse

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME," that time-honored police slogan, may properly apply to America's Davis Cup failure if you accept the theory of Louis B. Dailey, former president of the U. S. L. T. A. "When Davis Cup players depart for foreign battlefields," Dailey is quoted as saying, "wives and sweethearts should be left behind. What's the use of spending months in preparation for the Davis Cup event and then making it a semi-social affair?

"Women are distracting; they have to be entertained. How can our Davis Cup players entertain them while trying to concentrate on tennis? I know what it's like—'Let's look at the Eiffel Tower, Frank'; or 'Help me pick out my Paris gowns, George.' "

Louis Daley's "feminine distraction theory" may be sound, but it doesn't stand up under analysis in this instance. George Lott and John Van Ryn, who brought their wives along with them on a belated honeymoon, beat the British decisively in doubles. Frank Shields, who was accompanied by his fiancée to Europe, conquered Fred Perry while losing to the fluent Bunny Austin.

The one American who lost both his singles matches—Sidney Wood—had no feminine consort or companion to divert his mind from tennis. In all fairness it seems that the girls should be absolved of any blame for America's unexpected defeat. Indeed, on the cold basis of won and lost percentages, one might infer that a team made up solely of Benedicts would have emerged victorious. "Bring along the wife" is suggested as the 1932 Davis Cup slogan.

Mr. and Mrs.

MRS. GEORGE RUDNICK has won the women's municipal golf championship for the second time. Three years ago her husband taught her how to swing a club. Today the lady of the house beats the lord of the manor with embarrassing regularity. At that breakfast table, one imagines, the topic of golf is no longer introduced by friend husband.

George Rudnick must have a flair for teaching golf. His wife unquestionably had unusual aptitude as a pupil. Let Rudnick's plight serve as a warning to those big-hearted he-men who are tempted to heed the "little woman's" plea for personal instruction on the links. While it has been abundantly proved that no man can teach his wife to drive a car, it is apparently possible

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to teach her how to drive a golf ball.

And then what? His last sanctuary is invaded; his alibis no longer convince. It's "What do you say to a round, Henry? I'll give you six bisques just to make things interesting." He is caught in a web of his own weaving. Win or lose, he pays for the dinner.

▸▸*Champion on a Foul*

WILLIAM MULDOON, octogenarian poobah of the New York State Athletic Commission, says there is no world's heavyweight champion. Caesar has spoken, yet Max Schmeling's manager is pig-headed enough to insist that his man has inherited the Tunney toga. It's a profitable delusion.

Muldoon, "the solid man," maintains that the world's boxing title cannot change hands on a foul. When fight reporters showed him that the championships in classes other than the heavyweight division had been decided on low blows, the Noblest Roman remained obdurate. That's his story and he intends to stick to it, thus repudiating the Commission's own referee who disqualified Jack Sharkey and awarded the heavyweight title to the German Challenger.

One suspects that "the solid man's" decision to withhold Schmeling's name from the Muldoon-Tunney trophy had its origin in the German's unwillingness to give Sharkey a return engagement. Max's coyness is certainly justified by the beating he took from Sharkey, *né* Cockoshay, before that temperamental Lithuanian unleashed the wild swing which landed below the equator.

There's a loophole in Muldoon's reasoning that the heavyweight title can't pass on a foul. What's to prevent an obviously beaten champion from saving his crown *via* a sock below the belt? Muldoon would answer by saying that in the New York State Athletic Commission's bright lexicon there's no such word as "foul." By imperial mandate, you may recall, fouls were legislated out of existence a few months ago—a convenient ruling worthy of Alice in Wonderland.

Echoing the prize fight seconds' familiar slogan, "You can't hurt us down there," the Commission has decreed that its officially sanctioned metal protector provides immunity from the effect of a foul blow. Meanwhile, Schmeling has the diamond-studded belt which, according to middle western boxing authorities, symbolizes the world's championship. He seems satisfied, even though a belt, as defined by hard-bitten old Muldoon, is now merely a device to keep your pants in place. It has lost its equatorial significance.

GEORGE TREVOR.

▸▸ The Latest Plays ◂◂

"HUNGRY for flesh and blood actors" is what the country as a whole is reputed to be. That doesn't mean that cannibalism is on the increase, but it is the way the League of New York Theatres, Inc., expresses its conviction that the country outside of New York is fed up with the talkies and is ready for a revival of the road. It will be remembered that the League was organized last year to combat the theatre speculation evil, and as it is now possible to buy a pair of seats down front in the center for the *Follies* for thirty dollars a pair almost any night, you can see how successful they were with that.

Recommended Current Shows

Gilbert and Sullivan Revivals: **Ruddigore** begins August 10th. They're all worth a visit.
Grand Hotel: Even the heat hasn't slowed the dramatic hit up much.
Once in a Lifetime: Announced to be in its last weeks before touring.
Precedent: The play about the Mooney-Billings case that impresses by its sincerity.
Private Lives: It's Edith Taliaferro and Donald Brian in the Lawrence-Coward parts now.
The Band Wagon: About all you could ask for in a modern revue.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell, the actress-managress, still doing nicely.
The Green Pastures: Again announced to be closing. They may mean it this time, so you'd better hurry.
Third Little Show: For Bee Lillie addicts.
Ziegfeld Follies: Just what they've been for a long time; that is, plenty good enough.

Under the presidency of Arthur Hopkins, the League plans shortly to establish what is known in the trade as a "wheel" of one, two and three night stands in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and to give the towns in this section which have had nothing in the way of legitimate theatre for years, except half-baked tryouts at excessive prices, good shows, competently produced, at a top price of two dollars for straight plays and three dollars for musicals. Under a coöperative financing scheme they hope to have fifteen or twenty such companies organized this coming season and, if it proves successful, to extend the plan to include similar wheels with Chicago, Los Angeles and other cities as centers.

The plays themselves are to be selected from recent successes which either have not been made into talkies or which have been altered beyond recognition, and the scenery will probably be the identical sets which were used in the original productions. There may not be many stars in the casts, but the producers plan the best casts available and, what is more important, no deception in their billing. "Original New York cast" will not be used in the advertising any more when only the maid or the butler remains.

Not that there is complete unanimity among the members of the League. Far from it. One member, to whom I talked, put the thing on a much less optimistic basis than Dr. Henry Moscowitz, the genial secretary, did. "All this chatter about the people being hungry for good drama is so much tripe," said the skeptic. "They aren't and they never have been. What you've got to realize is that people go to the theatre mostly when they haven't anything else to do and when they have the price. The movies are our chief competitor, or were, until the noises they now make caused them to be unbearable to anybody of any sensitiveness, but they're not the only one. The radio, automobiles built for cheap, comfortable necking and bathtub gin at a dollar and a half a quart to facilitate said necking all enter into it. For the six dollars that we've been charging for a rotten show the small town lad can get himself and his girl tight enough for most intents and purposes four nights in the week and have enough left over to buy sufficient gasoline to take them where they won't be seen doing it. The other three nights they can doze it off while half listening to the radio at no cost at all. There's no demand for good plays, but maybe we can create one, especially if we can come nearer to giving them what looks like their money's worth. But it will be hard work and won't succeed unless handled in a businesslike manner. In the 'good old days' of the road you could get away with a bum show in an uncomfortable theatre. No more. It's cheaper and more fun to go to the country club or even the Tom Thumb golf course now."

Be all that as it may, it really does look as though they were going to have a hard try at it. Independently of the League, although a member of it, George Tyler is going to send out Walter Hampden and possibly Fay Bainter in *The Admirable Crichton* on a four months' tour of the country with a week in Chicago as their longest engagement. Later he plans to induce William Gillette again to emerge from retirement and undertake a like round with *Sherlock Holmes*. However, by way of showing that he hasn't learnt a thing about show business *yet*, Mr. Lee Shubert is going to present out-of-town playgoers with *Melo* with two of the three leading parts played by completely unknown actors and the woman played by a lady even more miscast than was Edna Best last spring. And Mr. Shubert is the Vice-President of the League of New York Theatres, Inc.!

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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The New Books

Tepoztlan and Middletown

"MEXICO: A Study of Two Americas," by Stuart Chase in collaboration with Marian Tyler. Illustrated by Diego Rivera (Macmillan, $3). One wearies, finally, of these glowing eulogies of Aztec civilization and of the spiritual values of Amerindian communism. Mexico is a vast, peculiar and fascinating country, but most Americans are unable to return to a civilization based on maize and pulque and cannot appreciate the glories of "the 'damned wantlessness' of the Indian, the despair of high-pressure salesmanship." Therefore it is something of a relief to see Mexico painted in contrast and comparison with our machine civilization by one of our foremost experts on and critics of the machine which rules our lives.

Stuart Chase is obviously out-of-water in Mexico. He is fascinated, bewildered and a bit bemused, which makes his book all the more interesting. He contrasts the Indian town of Tepoztlan with "Middletown, America," and practically preserves his sense of values. He admires a social and economic system which enabled the Mexican government to report, "in the very trough of the world-wide business depression," only 87,000 unemployed—or ½ of 1% of the nation's population. He admires Mexico's Law of General Planning of the Republic and Señor Contrera's Programme Department, of which he says—"Outside of the Russian Gosplan, I know of no such far-reaching and powerful agency, since the collapse of our own War Industries Board." He applauds the spirit of the land and labor clauses of the famous Mexican Constitution of 1917 and reminds "Investors and Foreigners, particularly the American Colony," that "Diaz is dead." In fact, he regards the Porfirio Diaz *régime* as the nadir of Mexican civilization and remarks that "there has been nothing more surprising in this century than the collapse of Diaz and his system, unless it be the collapse of American prosperity in 1929." And finally, by the persistence and patience of the Indian masses—"Despite onslaught after onslaught for 400 years, the Indian has withstood the Old World. It has twisted him, changed him, but it has not broken him." In his enthusiasm for Indian communism, he even goes so far as to make the debatable assertion that "conceptions of private property in land and natural resources, of the duty of acquisitiveness, are reasonably alien to *homo sapiens*. Group security, incorporating individual security, is the basic desideratum."

While all this is interesting and probably important, for most of us his comparison of Mexican and American small town life is most pertinent. On the economic side he puts the balance in favor of Tepoztlan, his town sixty miles from Mexico City; on the individual side, he thinks "Middletown" has the edge. On the other hand, he deplores the medical and sanitary condition of Tepoztlan and thinks that Mexico would be well advised to imitate our own sanitary system. Mexico pays for economic and social security with a high infant mortality and the direct application of Darwin's principle of survival of the fittest. He also thinks that Mexico would benefit from electrification, telephones and telegraphs and such instruments.

Here is where Mr. Chase seems slightly bemused. How can one introduce the final flowering of machine civilization in matters of public health and communications without shocking every element in the fabric of primitive handicraft life and a civilization of survival. Once the machine gets a foothold, it will not be kept in the place assigned to it by sentimental sociologists, as the inhabitants of India and of seaboard China are here to testify. Amerindian civilization south of the Rio Grande has withstood the forces of Spain and of the See of Rome. Can it withstand the dynamo and antitoxin without going the rest of the way with Model A and the two-pants suit, the billboard and the payroll? Mr. Chase thinks it can. Others are inclined to doubt it and to believe that Mexico will either remain contented with its high birth and death rates and its primitive agricultural and industrial system or will yield bit by bit to the conquest of super-power and all that that implies. In conclusion, mention should be made of the vigorous and satiric quality of the illustrations of Diego Rivera and one must applaud the impulse which is leading American sociologists and economists to look outward as well as inward, with respect to the United States, in an effort to mould our shattered institutions a little closer to the heart's desire. If the adoption of Russian or Mexican ways in their entirety would be a catastrophe for this country, that does not say that we should not take our good where we find it, whether from the unsanitary Soviets or the immovable Mexicans or even—heresy!—from our own ways of doing things.

JOHN CARTER.

The Week's Reading

"SYBIL of the North: Christina, Queen of Sweden," by Faith Compton Mackenzie (Houghton Mifflin, $3). "Charlotte Corday," by Michel Corday (Dutton, $3). Neither the word "Sybil" in the title nor the word "Valkyrie" in the "blurb" describes Christina. If she had not been a queen for a while, she would long since have been forgotten as an eccentric, egotistical, self-indulgent person of quite ordinary intelligence. But she is probably the only queen in history who abdicated, under no

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pressure, just because she felt like it. Why? Well, she didn't like the climate, she yearned to travel, she was thinking of becoming a Catholic and couldn't in Lutheran Sweden. Years after she offered to come back, but Sweden declined. She had favorites, but it is not certain that she was even any one's mistress. Like Queen Elizabeth of England, hers was a psychopathic case; both refused to marry and both were constantly the subject of gossip. Christina had a fair face, but otherwise was unattractive. She traveled to her heart's content, spent money recklessly, was plundered right and left, and made trouble in Italy and France. The one terrible act of her life was the murder of her steward, Monaldesco, under her orders, by Santinelli, another agent of hers. It was a bloody, sickening slaughter. Books of reference say that the motive is not clear; but Monaldesco had robbed her and lied to her (so had the Santinelli brothers, for that matter), and she hated him; he wore a coat of mail, so Christina cried out, "Cut his throat! Tell Santinelli to cut his throat!"

Contrast that crime with the assassination of Marat in his bathtub by Charlotte Corday, as told once again in Michel Corday's terse and well-written book. If ever a more bloody-minded monster lived than Marat, it would be hard to name him, even in the annals of the French Revolution. And if any one ever had the spirit of Joan of Arc—to save France and to accept martyrdom—it was Charlotte Corday. It is true that the immediate result of the assassination was to augment the tide of victims toward the guillotine, but it had its part in turning that tide. The reader may be interested to know that the author is confident that he is descended from the Corday family to which Charlotte belonged, although "Michel Corday" is a pen-name. He has painstakingly collected many facts about Charlotte not generally known.

R. D. Townsend.

"The Pastor of Poggsee," by Gustav Frenssen (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). With characteristic German precision, patience, and earnestness, Herr Frenssen sinks his plummet into a peasant minister whose inner and outer harmony of living is shattered by the War and its aftermath. Adam Barfood, the pastor of Poggsee, is no pious preacher of inflexible creeds. Rather, he is lustily individualistic, overwhelmingly human. His faith gushes from boundless vitality. The God he worships is a mixture of Jesus, Goethe, Bismarck and the urgencies of nature. Words come easily to Adam. Sometimes he brags, often he orates, always he uses sweeping generalities. But underneath this scarcely controlled eloquence, which tries his wife and children and tests, too, your own concentration, there flowers a genius for sympathy. "It's a wide sea," he says of religion, "and every sect and every man comes with his bucket and fetches just what he needs." With this rich understanding Adam proves to be the buttress of his village's morale. Through his personal drama, his marriage, his fatherhood, his passions and his pains comes the thrust of Germany's disgrace. Herr Frenssen's book, which covers an expanse of human experience, carries, more deeply, the import of a nation brought to its knees before the world. He voices all his sick, wounded love for Germany, when he makes Adam say: "We must work wisely and vigorously at the heart of Germany and make it sound."

Virgilia Peterson Ross.

"Underworld and Soviet," by Vladimir Orloff (Dial Press, $3). The memoirs of the famous anti-Bolshevik conspirator whose recent association with a Berlin *cause célèbre,* which involved forged documents accusing Senator Borah of being in Soviet pay, ought to make interesting reading. They don't.

This statement should, perhaps, be qualified. The first portion of the book, that which gives sketches of the author's career as a judicial officer of the Tsarist régime, his quasi-military work and counter-espionage activities during the war, his enlistment in the Tcheka under the name of Boris Orlinski, his escape from Russia and his work as chief of intelligence for the Volunteer Army at Odessa in 1918 and 1919—all this is entertaining narrative. Presumably it is also authentic.

The second half, however, is a different story. It consists of straight-forward anti-Soviet propaganda, with the bias and moral aroma which is associated with the work of Tsarist émigrés at Riga, Berlin, Paris, London and New York. It is the atrocity story continued in peace-time, the labeling of Soviet executions as cowardly murders and of Tsarist reprisals as social justice. It contains one good anecdote, to the effect that Lenin's body was clumsily embalmed and had to be patched up by a skilled anatomist with the help of another corpse. For the rest it is a combination of a policeman's docket with mud slinging—which may all be true but is not especially relevant. What, for example, is the point of such a paragraph as this:

"*Litvinov.* Born in 1876, the son of a humble citizen in Bialistok. His real name is Finkelstein . . . . He and his brother, who was 'wanted' in Berlin on various charges of swindling, were, according to English documents, repeatedly convicted of theft in England."

Beyond an appeal to anti-Semitism and an adroit suggestion that he is a thief, this is scarcely an adequate summary of the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs. However, it is all very moral and the book will be assured of a hearty sale in circles where hatred of Russia is regarded as a moral and economic duty. For, as the author concludes: "The ruthless destruction of truth (by the Communists) must be stopped; slander shall not frighten me, and lies shall not triumph." However, the general public is likely to remain profoundly indifferent to the political views of this professional conspirator, however much they may enjoy his early exploits as a policeman under pre-war Europe's most notorious system of legalized terrorism and political repression.

John Carter.

Religion and Philosophy

Among the younger American theologians no one has a better understanding of the workings of the modern mind than Walter Marshall Horton of Oberlin. In fact, his *Theism and the Modern Mood* was the best answer yet made to the movement which goes by the

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name of humanism. His new volume, *A Psychological Approach to Theology* (Harper) continues and strengthens his former defense of the essential Christian position as it faces present-day science and modern perplexities. As the title implies, the approach to the problems of religion is psychological, not, as Dr. Horton is eager to point out, because there is no other valid approach, but because this approach seems best fitted to the present time and temper. Moreover, he is convinced that religious thinkers are making a serious mistake in abusing psychology, which, after all, is going to sustain the teaching of religion that only in devoting the petty self to social ends can the individual find peace and sanity. Exploring the very heart of the religious problem, Dr. Horton finds that God is a psychological fact. He freely admits that the difficulties of this concept are not to be lightly brushed aside, but the chief contemporary rivals of theism, pantheism and humanism have still more troubles. As the author says, "The problem of evil is more acute for pantheism than for theism; while the humanist buys his solution of the problem at the price of severing man from the cosmos." Consistently following the psychological approach, he comes to a recognition of God as an objective fact and immortality as a reasonable probability. In the entire discussion Dr. Horton is careful to make clear his own emotional attitude that the reader may judge how much of his position is "rationalization." However, he is in no sense intimidated by that blessed word. And throughout he is fair and generous to views he does not share. Such clear thinking and persuasive writing as this will do much to rehabilitate theology in the minds of the thoughtful public.

We welcome also in this field another volume, though it is quite different in its approach. It is made up of some heretofore unpublished papers and notes of Baron Friedrich von Hügel which have been edited by his literary executor, Edmund G. Gardner. Under the title *The Reality of God and Religion and Agnosticism* (Dutton), the views of this great Catholic theologian and philosopher are presented, particularly those which in the light of modern knowledge lead us to theism. Von Hügel does not blink the problem of evil; he does not attempt to minimize it. He maintains, on the contrary, that "only by thus recognizing all this evil as genuinely extant, and yet as inexplicable by us even as regards such existence, do we reach a depth at which a deliberate and final theism is fully possible and entirely assured." As one reads these pages he is bound to feel keen regret that the author could not have lived to have completed and perfected them. Religion and philosophy are both the losers by his too early death. Yet a rather large public, both Catholic and Protestant, will be grateful to Dr. Gardner for making even these incomplete chapters available.

The problem of evil, on which Baron von Hügel wrote with so much freshness, inevitably suggests by contrast that type of thought which altogether denies its existence, Christian Science. Much has been written in this field in the last few years, but most of it has been about the founder of this movement. Since her death much has happened, so that students of this subject will welcome a new volume by Altman K. Swihart called *Since Mrs. Eddy* (Henry Holt). The author treats only indirectly of Christian Science as it has been perpetuated by the Mother Church of Boston, but deals rather with the offspring which have either repudiated the Mother Church or been repudiated by it. In this contemporary situation the student can see what happened in the days of the early Christian Church as it tended to break up into sects and heresies. Two of these offshoots of Christian Science, the Church Triumphant of Mrs. Stetson and the Church of the Universal Design of Mrs. Bill, are treated at length by Dr. Swihart. And the stories of both these women are truly amazing. To the student of religion, and, indeed, even to the casual reader, this book is of thrilling interest, both because of the dramatic character of many of the events of the story and the play of the human motives involved in it. The author's treatment is fair and scholarly, but so well told that it may be read even on a vacation.

One of the charges which Mrs. Eddy liked to level against those who went out from her was that of "spiritualism." She believed firmly in eternal life, even allowing her followers to understand that she would not suffer physical death, but for some reason she went out of her way to condemn those who believed it possible to communicate with the dead. Now this whole question of a future life is bound up not only with the teachings of Christian Science, but with practically all other creeds as well. It is of perennial interest. Books about it are constantly appearing, but Professor Jacob Helder has compiled one which is somewhat out of the ordinary. For years he has been corresponding with the world's great upon this theme, and in *Greatest Thoughts on Immortality* (Richard R. Smith) he gives us the richest essence of that correspondence. This is one of the best symposiums in this field we have ever read. All shades of opinion are represented, from Bishop McConnell to H. L. Mencken, from Bertrand Russell to Sir Oliver Lodge. Those interested in this particular religious question cannot afford to miss it. In fact, all of the books noted above are worthy the attention of both laymen and preachers.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Hatter's Castle, by A. J. Cronin: Little, Brown. The story of a brutal Scotchman and how he brought his own life down about his ears; excellently written. Reviewed July 22.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

The Sixth Journey, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Grown-up love and a waif who finds a home at last in a charming romance with an English setting. Reviewed July 1.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Simple Peter Cradd, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. The author of countless adventure tales proves that he can also write a charming romance. To be reviewed later.

Non-Fiction

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright; Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. Reviewed July 29.

The Mirrors of 1932, Anonymous: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Ten of the leading Presidential possibilities turned inside out. Reviewed July 29.

Portraits in Miniature, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. Biographical sketches and essays about French and English literary figures. Reviewed July 22.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed July 1.

Noguchi, by Gustav Eckstein: Harpers. The story of the famous Japanese bacteriologist who gave his life for science. Reviewed May 20.

Dr. Chaffee Recommends

A New Approach to Christian Unity, by Charles Ewing Brown (Warner Press). An unusual plea for one Christian Church with no creed save the New Testament and no organization save the local congregation.

St. Paul, The Herald of Christianity, by Xenophon P. Wilfley (Cokesbury). A lawyer's story of the great apostle. As fascinating as an adventure story.

Life of Cardinal Newman, by Gaius Glenn Atkins (Harper). A readable and scholarly appraisal of the life of this distinguished convert to Roman Catholicism.

Heathen Rage, by Gerald Stanley Lee (Richard R. Smith). A scintillating evaluation of the ways of professors, doctors, clergymen, artists and others with the prescription of co-ordination to mend them.

Behind the Blurbs

FRANCIS BEEDING, whose Col. Granby is one of our favorite Cols., relates (in *The Three Fishers*[1]) a story in which the adventurous Col. takes no part, although Wyndham, the smooth and daring villain who has given the Col. some bad moments in the past, is most dangerously present, and with Mme. Regnier and banker Wertheim is plotting nothing less than another big war. Ronald Briercliffe, cashiered from the army and given a chance to redeem

1. Little Brown, $2.00.

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himself by entering the secret service, is about all that stands in their way. But after adventures which include disguising himself as a murdered man, being dosed with scopothalamin and imprisoned in an oubliette in the forgotten dungeons of the Chatelet in Paris, Ronald smashes up the plot—although Wyndham escapes, doubtless to cause more trouble in a later volume. ☙ ☙ ☙ The use of "soddened" as an adjective and "quietened" as a verb always gives us an acute pain in the neck. There is no excuse for any literate person who uses such words, nor is there any excuse for Mr. Edgar Wallace, who uses them in *The Law of the Three Just Men*[2], even though he may have been dictating six other thrillers at the same time. "Signorita," too, does not appear in any Italian dictionary we have ever consulted. But the question of Who Murdered the King's English aside, this book of 13 stories of Gonsalez, Manfred and Poiccart, who spent their lives in correcting injustices that the law could do nothing with, is by no means up to Wallace's best. About the third page in each of these stories credibility snaps like an overstrained rubber band. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *Bodies Are Dust*[3], P. J. Wolfson tells the story of Inspector Safiotte, Italo-Irish police official in New York, and how he took what he wanted, including the wife of his friend The Yid, whom he had murdered. Told in the brutal, crooked inspector's own words, with plenty of emphasis on unpleasant details, it isn't what we'd call a charming story, but is probably a true picture. And perhaps it's good for us to look at true pictures occasionally, even of the more loathsome diseases. Safiotte is a symptom, and Mr. Wolfson's attempt to be as hardboiled as possible does help to make him more significant. Only we do wish he'd had a better digestion. ☙ ☙ ☙ If Prof. Fielding hadn't been in a hurry to get to his lecture, he would have reported the corpse over which he stumbled, and would thus have avoided old man trouble, for he was seen near the corpse, and, after the lecture, was captured by the murderous Mabberley, whom he had once sent to jail, and who now intended revenge. He escaped from Mabberley, of course, but by that time the police had such a good case against him that in order to remain at liberty he disguised himself. For the amusing and amazing adventures which he then experienced in the character of Fothergill, retired Indian civil servant, you must read *My Particular Murder*[4], a thriller with a new and pleasant flavor.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

2. Crime Club, $1.00.
3. Vanguard, $2.00.
4. By David Sharp: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

▸▸ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◂◂

ANOTHER of those game books which seems to offer possibilities for a hilarious and somewhat rowdy evening, is *Blankety-Blank*, published by Minton Balch, which prints a number of little stories with various nouns, adjectives, questions, phrases and so on, left blank and numbered. You see the idea. The player takes a pencil and paper, lists the words without reference to the story, and then the story is read with the words included. It's really a lot funnier than most of those games, and, as we have said, likely to be a bit ribald.

▸▸ WE HAVE SEEN a pair of gloves for weeding in the garden which look more like something Dracula might have worn than like gardening adjuncts. Each finger is fitted with a long, wicked-looking steel spike. The idea seems to be that you claw the weeds out of the ground with these supplementary fingernails. Or you could write a fine mystery story around them—The Gardening Glove Murder. One jab with the index finger and the victim gasps and expires.

▸▸ THERE is a new fountain pen ink on the market, which dries so quickly that it does away with the necessity for a blotter. It is called Quink, and is made by the Parker Fountain Pen Company. Three and a half seconds after your signature is on the check you can fold it up and hand it to the landlord or his representative, without danger of blotting. Quink is better for fountain pens than other inks, so they say, since it contains something that dissolves all sediment.

▸▸ IN WRITING about that teak garden furniture, we forgot to mention one piece which should be extremely useful—the bench that has a double seat. After a rain you lift up the top one and there is a clean, dry surface to sit on.

▸▸ COMPLETE privacy for city sun bathers is assured by the Sunshine Bath Cabinet, which, set up on the roof or in the garden, will conceal your slowly browning periphery from the eyes of the curious. It is deep, has a comfortable mattress in the bottom, and attached to it is a device which permits you to move it around so as to catch the full rays of the sun as that famous orb moves across the sky.

▸▸ IF YOU'RE planning a new kitchen or revising a new one, take a look at the Monel Metal sinks. You've probably seen this metal—a silvery nickel-copper alloy containing two-thirds nickel that is used a good deal in soda fountains and as a decorative feature on store fronts and buildings. It is very durable, rust and corrosion proof and very easy to clean. The sinks made of Monel Metal are made in one piece, are insulated to deaden sound, and have no coating to chip, crack or wear off. They are extremely good looking, too.

▸▸ THE FAIRYLAND COMPANY makes all sorts of weatherproof terra cotta figures for the garden or lawn, from a full size deer, five feet high with real horns, down to life-sized snails, turtles, lizards and birds. There are all sorts of animals, toadstool and tree-trunk garden seats, and you can even get figures of Red Ridinghood and the Wolf. There is a large variety of dwarfs, too, but we don't care so much for them—they're rather badly done.

▸▸ BLAST furnace slag converted into a fibrous state while in a melted condition is mineral wool, used as an insulator in building. The fine, irregular fibres interlace in every direction and form countless minute air cells. Mineral wool is inexpensive, and used as a lining for floors, walls, roofs and ceilings will greatly reduce the leakage of heat in winter, will keep the house cooler in summer, and will insulate also against sound.

▸▸ IF YOU like to dine out of doors by candlelight, we can tell you where you can get candlesticks and candle stands in several designs, branched or single, which are equipped with glass chimneys to protect the flames from wandering zephyrs.

▸▸ TO HOLD vines and climbing roses in place on walls of wood or masonry, you can get some ingenious little hooks called—can you bear it?—Vyn-Yach. On wooden surfaces you drive 'em in like nails. For masonry there come with them a drill, shells and drill holder.

▸▸ FOR correcting acoustical defects in music rooms and other rooms where there is a good deal of reverberation, interference, or acoustical unevenness, there is a new sound absorbing material made of cork, brown in color, which comes in 6 by 12 to 12 by 36 inch sizes, and in various surfaces and finishes. Cold-water paint may be applied to it without destroying its peculiar properties.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

HOAGY CARMICHAEL is a name which is known to comparatively few, even among collectors of popular music, yet I can't figure out why. His fame surely should be more widespread as a composer than it is. Perhaps he is somewhat neglected because his compositions, while natively American in the best sense of the term, require rather more competence from the singers and musicians than most in their field. However, he has, on at least three occasions, been very fortunate in having his tunes fall into the hands, for recording, of brilliant arrangers. *Washboard Blues,* a few years back, was certainly given adequate treatment by Paul Whiteman[1], with Carmichael himself singing, and last year Paul Tremaine made an extraordinary disk of *Rockin' Chair*[2] with just the right lazy and apparently casual atmosphere.

It has remained, however, for Victor Young, leading the Brunswick Concert Orchestra, to "paraphrase," as Mr. Young calls it, Hoagy Carmichael's *Star Dust*[3] and take full advantage of his gift for unusual melody in a popular song. The orchestra is augmented by the voices of our friends, the Boswell Sisters, and augmented is just the word I meant to use. The paraphraser uses them not so much as soloists, but as instruments in his orchestra, perfectly blending with the others in some startling effects. I've played *Star Dust* about fifteen times already, and each time I notice another amusing little quirk to Mr. Young's inventive orchestration. On the reverse of the twelve-inch record is found the same orchestra, conductors and singers with a good tenor, Frank Munn, joining them in a slightly more conventional *I Surrender, Dear,* the trite melody of which doesn't give Mr. Young quite as much chance to display his imagination.

Speaking of Victor Young and the Boswell Sisters, they're in again—this time once more with the Dorsey Brothers — with an amazingly hot coupling of *It's You* and *It's the Girl*[4], which is fully up to their standard. In his work with the Boswell Sisters Mr. Young shows himself to be an even more brilliant arranger than was Gus Haenschen, whose place he is filling with the Brunswick Company. More power to him and the Boswell Sisters, and may they continue to give us new and amusing ideas in orchestration and voice blending.

O. C-T.

1. Victor, 35877-B.
2. Columbia, 2200-D.
3. Brunswick, 20100.
4. Brunswick, 6151.

▸▸ From the Life ◂◂

▸▸*Honeymoon*

BY THE TIME he was seven years old he had made up his mind. He was through with the city.

So he sat on the low doorstep of the small tenement where he lived and stared thoughtfully at the opposite gutter. He could see vaguely that his childhood was over. His heart had become a heavy longing for something he had never known, for something he had never seen. The most tremendous undertaking of his life lay ahead of him. Without money, and with only seven years experience, he must decide.

Because he was in love.

He closed his eyes for a moment and saw them, himself and her, wandering hand in hand in a tremendous cool forest. The shrieks of the motor horns suddenly became the cries of great birds flying high through the branches. He could see against the sunlight the bright colors of their feathers. Their eyes sparkled like stars. And far off in their caves, the growls and rumblings of the traffic became the voices of beasts. But she was not afraid. She only squeezed his hand more tightly and opened her eyes wider with admiration and delight. Or no—she was afraid; she closed her eyes and shuddered, begging him to save her now! He wiped the tears from her cheeks and led her to a rock all covered with moss where she must sit and watch him. He cut down enormous quantities of trees, he piled them up into a marvelous house to protect her.

"Say!"

At the sound of that familiar voice, he knew all in a second what he had to do. He caught her fiercely by the hand.

"Where'd you come from?" he demanded. "Come from home!" she sang out gaily. "Got a nickel for 'nice-cream-cone?"

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out all his money, one nickel and five pennies, and held them before her.

"See this?" he said in a grim, strange voice. "That's all we got to take a long trip on. An' we got to start right now."

"Where we goin'?" she asked.

He frowned darkly and put the money in his pocket. "Never mind," he said.

She took his hand and skipped beside him down the street, looking at him every once in a while with sidelong, admiring glances.

There was a great crowd at the railroad station and she asked again for an 'nice-cream-cone, but he shook his head and treated her instead to ice water.

"I didn't know you—could go anywheres—on a train for ten cents—" she said defensively between sips.

He was looking strangely at a large family starting with their bundles towards the train gate.

"Come on," he said hurriedly, "an' act as if we thought we was with them."

Before they knew it they had jostled themselves through the gate—they were on the train.

"We dassent sit down," he whispered menacingly, "lessen it's a place where we can hide."

They found it finally. Two seats facing each other, at the back of the car. She followed him obediently and took the one he pointed out. He sat down opposite and looked earnestly at her.

"You ain't afraid?" he asked her hopefully, but she shook her head.

"I'm hungry," she said. "Ain't you hungry for 'nice-cream-cone?"

But just then the conductor appeared at the end of the car, and they dropped hastily to the floor.

"Tickets please!" And then they heard another voice—passing the conductor—coming nearer down the aisle. "*Ice* cream—Choclit—vanilla—strawbry—fi' cents a cone—*Ice* cream—"

She stretched her hand out to him, and on her face was a look of terrible appeal. He closed his eyes and tried to shake his head. Presently the dreadful feet of the conductor had passed. They crawled out quietly, but each one looked exhausted and avoided the other's eyes.

"You see," he was trying to explain a few hours later, for the twentieth time, "we ain't got nothin' on'y ten cents. An' so—we gotta keep it."

But by now her face was woeful and her gaiety had gone. He looked at her so miserably that he forgot to notice how the light was gone; or that a figure paused beside them in the aisle.

"Wish yo' berth made up—" began the figure and then paused. "Say, whuts yo' tickets read like?"

At the next station they were put in charge of a policeman, and walked wearily beside him to the nearest jail. Once inside, she tried to smile at him, but he could see that she was frightened. And then the matron started to take her away.

He ran after them desperately; he pulled at the matron's sleeve with one hand and with the other struggled at his pocket.

"Here," he said, his voice breaking with love and pity, "here's a nickel, an' five pennies. Please buy her a 'nice cream-cone! Please buy her two."

IBBY HALL.

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Prose and Worse

QUITE a lot of our spare time this summer has been spent in an aged and erratic automobile, maundering about the countryside, and it is a curious thing that when the roads are good and the car running smoothly, nothing of interest ever happens, but when something unpleasant comes up, be it rough detour, blow-out, ignition trouble or just plain balkiness, it is almost always the prelude to some small and gratifying adventure. There was the timer trouble that led to our acquaintance with the charming Letzinsky family. There was the detour that led to the Adventure of the Courtly Drug Smuggler. But what we want to tell you about now is what we discovered when a blow-out made us turn off the New Bedford road to the delightful town of Marion, Mass.

While the tire was being fixed we walked around the town. It is old, and peaceful, and though there is a very expensive and ugly boys' school, there are no big hotels, and the many summer homes have been built long enough ago so that all architectural detail is comfortably hidden by the luxuriance of vines and hedges and shrubs and those climbing pink roses that ramble all over that coast and seem somehow cheerful as they are in small quantities, to become vulgar in profusion. And then, as we were about to go back to the garage and continue our journey, we came on the ice cream parlor. Such an ice cream parlor as certainly we had seen before only in dreams. A long counter; in front of it many little tables; behind it, nearly twenty kinds of ice cream—banana, peach, ginger, raspberry, butterscotch we remember in addition to the usual flavors. The tables were full. Outside people were sitting on the grass, in parked automobiles, strolling up and down, standing—and all eating with little wooden spoons out of the cardboard containers in which the ice cream is served. And all with the wrapt, remote expression of your true ice cream addict.

Our interest in this scene was at first more gastronomical than contemplative. But when we had assured ourself that the ice cream was good, and had then sampled as many of the flavors as seemed advisable, we fell to thinking. To the addict ice cream is a great stimulus to thought. The lower nature is cool, replete and comfortable. The mind is free to soar. Ours, it is true, brought back from this flight no thoughts of cosmic significance, but it did occur to us that if there is anything in that saying about bigger and better mouse-traps, a pathway half a mile wide should be beaten to the door of Peterson's Ice Cream Parlor. And there is no such pathway. The fame of this ice cream, though great, is purely local. Much poorer ice creams are advertised and sold in neighboring towns, and shipped from much greater distances. From which we concluded that the path is more important than the mouse-trap, and that if you will only employ a few laborers to beat a good wide pathway to your door, a pathway that gives the appearance of having been worn by much eager traffic, the quality of your mouse-trap isn't of the slightest importance: your door will be besieged from morning to night by a clamoring crowd of buyers.

Having thus put Emerson in the wrong, we wish to say that if you really like ice cream, it will be worth your while to make a pilgrimage to Marion. We're not going to tell you how to get there. The roads leading out of the town are strewn thick with cardboard containers and little wooden spoons. Keep your eyes open, and the thicker they are, the warmer you're getting. Or perhaps we should say colder.

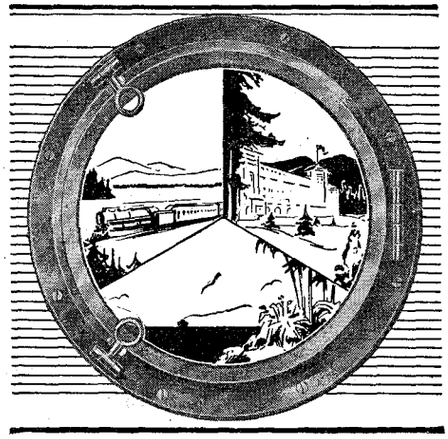
☆☆☆☆☆☆

WE ARE pleased to print another contribution from Mr. Aeneas B. Hooker. "This verse I am sending you is not new," writes Mr. Hooker. "I wrote it a number of years ago, and came across it when looking through several trunksfull of old manuscripts in the attic. I was really surprised to find how good it was. I shall be much pleased if you find it worthy of being presented to your readers." The verse follows:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
    burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Sailing South

Points South of New York are receiving much attention this year from steamship lines. ¶ A nearby cruise to "Know where" goes to Old Point Comfort, and combines with bus or rail tours. ¶ Bermuda and Havana are popular the year 'round . . . Caribbean Cruises either from New York or New Orleans are also unfailing season after season, touching at Cuba, Colombia, Porto Rico, the Canal Zone, etc., etc.

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OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
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The Jews War on Crime

(Continued from Page 464)

solidated six agencies doing delinquency work for children and adults under the Jewish Board of Guardians, 1919.

The officials of the Jewish Board of Guardians frankly say they have been pioneering in a new field, experimenting with new avenues of approach, new technique, and new methods of volunteer service. But the results speak for themselves. As I have said, restricted immigration and for a greater part of the period better industrial and employment conditions have helped in this social metamorphosis. The cutting down of Jewish immigration from 138,051 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, to 11,526 in 1930, has had its natural effect. There has been opportunity for the assimilation of a previous flood of downtrodden, handicapped human beings who, in the radical and bewildering change from the oppressive conditions abroad to the freedom of this country, could not so quickly respond to American ideas of wellbeing and citizenship. The fresh recruits to the dense alien colonies of our city, coming for a period at the rate of about one million souls a year, and representing all countries and religions, prevented any rapid awakening to ideals of good citizenship. It is to be remembered that our total immigration has fallen from 1,218,480 in 1914 to 191,039 in 1930. The number of aliens of all nationalities entering the United States for permanent residence in February, 1931, was only 3,147.

The Jewish parents have been taught and, uninterfered with by other arriving hordes, have learned, through the guidance of home visitors, the meaning of American ideals. The lessening of industrial pressure, too, concomitant with decrease in immigration, and years generally prosperous up to 1930 had its effect. There has been more time for the children.

With thirteen different branches of field activities conducted throughout the city by the Jewish Board of Guardians, ranging from Big Brother and Big Sister organizations, providing individual friendly attention for individual problem children, to Mothers' Clubs, and guidance bureaus, and numerous other activities of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropic Societies of the city, there is hardly a Jewish child in the tenement or apartment house districts of New York today who does not come, in some way, within the range and influence of these constructive agencies.

The moving of people from the congested districts, where sometimes they were herded at the ratio of 1,200 to the acre, into the newer boroughs with more light and air, has all had its effect. For there has been an enormous intra-city migration among the Jewish people within the past ten years. The Jewish population of Manhattan is decreasing. In parts of Brooklyn and Bronx it has doubled and trebled. In fact, Brooklyn today has almost as many Jews as have the two boroughs of Bronx and Manhattan together. The Jewish population of all boroughs in 1925, as shown by a Jewish communal survey, was 1,750,000, out of a total population of 6,450,819, and today the Jewish population of New York City is estimated by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropic Societies to be 1,900,000, out of a total population of 6,930,446, as shown by the latest census; in other words, 27.4 per cent of the total population of the entire city.

If the results shown here and authenticated by the latest prison and reformatory statistics of the state, showing the Jewish population of these institutions to be rapidly decreasing to the verge of disappearance, is it not vital that the effective methods employed by these far-seeing, earnest, intelligent, progressive people be generally applied? Especially when we realize that the prison population of New York almost doubled in a trifle more than a decade. Think what it would mean in economic saving, the further development of producers instead of the parasites or confirmed criminals which come in such numbers from our reformatories and prisons, and also in the happiness and wellbeing of our citizenry.

Why Women Fail

(Continued from Page 462)

with poise and reasonableness a wife's preëminence in the eyes of the world. Men have been accepting the superiority of their wives without any distress so long as this was not made apparent, but this is another matter entirely. We can bear almost anything so long as other people do not know about it. But with our present culture patterns derived from a patriarchal society it must be the rare and truly remarkable man who can continue to respect his own vocation and to maintain his personality unimpaired when he is chiefly known as the husband of his wife.

A little success, just enough to give her satisfaction. We should not blame the modern husband, who has surely enough difficulties without having added to them the burden of our censure. He is a healthy egoist. May he continue to be so! But the effects of this egoism upon his wife are not so good. He demands, quite rightly, that his work shall generally take precedence over family problems and over social engagements. If his wife demanded the same consideration for her work she could secure it, but she has not been brought up to demand; she has been brought up to please. To go on with her job when her husband wants her attention she must make a conscious, determined effort; she must steel herself against a large part of her training. This conscious struggle destroys a part of the impetus toward her work. She has not been brought up to respect herself as a worker, she has been reared to keep the family life going smoothly and pleasantly. She has to fight if her work is to be treated with equal seriousness, and sometimes she is too crippled by the fight to be able to do the best work.

Sometimes wives are jealous of their husbands' work. Probably even more often are husbands jealous of their wives' work. But there is no real conflict for the man. It is settled in his mind that his work is important and must take precedence. But nothing is settled in the woman's mind. She is having to work out new ways of living, about which there are still many disputes. She has not the ready-made justifications of the man. Not until her life is lived will she know if her choices have been the best she could have made in each situation. Suppose that while she is pursuing a career one of her children dies. There will be neighbors glad to say that this was due to her neglect, and she, in the first wrenching agony of her loss, may fear that what they say is true. Or suppose that her husband develops an incurable disease, will she not wonder through many a darkened night whether this could have been avoided if she had been only a wife with nothing else to think of but her husband's health and happiness?

THE modern woman has too many rôles to play, and she aspires to play them all with equal skill. It is difficult, at times, for her to remain convinced that the only rôle which the self-respecting individual can consistently maintain is not that of wife, mother, daughter, sister—but the characterization of herself. She has been too long, through the centuries, a creature whose life was bounded and determined by sex for her to be quite confident yet that she is

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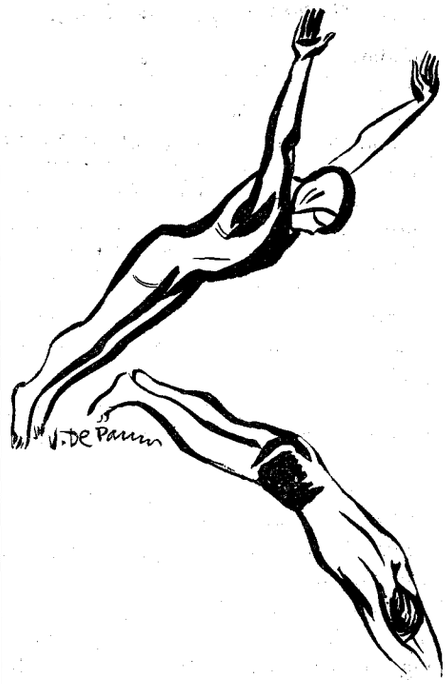
finally and most importantly a human being and an individual entity. She cannot be a whole person if she hearkens too much to the claims of others that she should be a part of them. She cannot run very fast in the race that is still to the swift if she must carry the burden of a husband's jealousy of her work.

It is difficult for a woman to believe that her work is as important as her husband's, because as a rule she earns so much less. If he has an offer to go to another city this often seems the only reasonable thing to do. She can probably shift her work more easily, since there are more jobs available in the lower levels, or she can change her occupation completely, since a woman's pride is not so involved in her occupation. If she is out of work for a time she does not suffer from the disgrace; if she finds she likes being out of work there are all the many alibis to choose from. She can always say she decided her husband's work was far more important and that she should help him; at which pious remark society will smirk at her like a Sunday School superintendent to the little girl who brings all her pennies to the collection box. And the husbands like it. They know their work is more important, and the more people who sit around and tell them so the better they will like it.

Really serious problems are involved when the wife earns more money than the husband, or when her work requires that she continue to work in one place while her husband has to go to another. In the first case the man will suffer because of all the old dogmas about the man as head of the household; in the second case they will both suffer from the perfectly savage condemnation they are likely to meet. He will be condemned for "allowing" his wife to keep on with her work, instead of coming to offer him the immemorial services of a wife (a large part of which seems to consist of being available at any moment), and she will be condemned for heartless selfishness toward her "poor husband" and even "poorer" children. She will do wrong if she keeps the children with her, because they need the control of a father while she will be practically a criminal if she leaves the children with the husband. Strangely enough, in the eyes of the world, marriage appears to change a man far more than a woman, in spite of the emphasis often placed upon one slight change. Where women lose nothing but their virginity men appear to lose a large part of their capacity as adults: they can no longer feed themselves, house themselves, look after their health or attend to their social responsibilities (most of them on matrimony lose the capacity even of writing to their own mothers). Thus a wife is quite naturally condemned when she casts such a helpless creature out to shift for himself. And then she suffers from this social censure, no matter how strong and determined she may strive to be. She is crippled when the needs of her job require her to do things contrary to the social expectancy that beats about a wife and mother.

But chiefest of all is the husband's attitude. Women fail because their men do not want them to succeed. A little success, perhaps, but not too much. Dilettantes who earn a little money, workers at trivial jobs about which the husband can instruct them, workers most preferably at some job for the husband—this is the picture upon which the men are apt to look most fondly. A woman who has the springboard of her man's belief and her man's earnest wish for her success can make a higher, swifter dive; but mostly women do not have this springboard when they plunge into the occupational world. Their men do not want them to succeed very much. And does not every good wife want to make her husband happy? Not necessarily, but at least she wants to keep him. And she knows that she will not keep him long, nor even want him long, if she proves to the world that she is a better man than he.

Finally (I write this because it is necessary to stop somewhere, and not because the items are exhausted) women fail because they seldom have wives. In the life of almost any well-known man a woman will be found as combination watchdog, nurse and secretary. She stands between him and the interruptions of the world; very often she sits beside him at his work, helping him make his scientific observations, working out the statistical problems, doing the charts, translating material from other languages; or she may write down in admirable prose the observations of nature which her brother translates into poetry; or she may if she is married to a vaudeville comedian be the critical audience on whom he tries out all his jokes. As wives for ordinary men women are often depressing spectacles, but they make wonderful wives for celebrities. They assure the great man's physical welfare; they guard his work from interruption and not infrequently do a considerable part of that work. Sisters sometimes fill the same position. But I do not know of any man who performs these services for a woman. Probably there are some, but not many. And the



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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the *publication in which it appeared.* If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the con*tributed remark remarkable.*

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. *All contributions should* be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

services so performed are of incalculable importance.

The woman who wishes to be famous should not marry; rather she should attach to herself one or more women who will fetch and carry for her in the immemorial style of "wives"; women who will secure her from interruption, give her freedom from the irritating small details of living, assure her that she is great and devote their lives to making her so. It is a question whether in most fields a great reputation has ever been built up by one person; back of the famous figure is an unknown figure, sometimes several devoted figures, who are part of the final achievement. This is probably as it should be, as it must be. My point here is the difficulty which women, particularly married women, have in securing such services. I have heard the most insignificant men blandly announce that their wives should devote themselves to helping in *their* work. But I have never heard a woman say that her husband should help her in her work. And I am convinced that this difference in the supporting mechanism of a career is far more important to the results than will be generally acknowledged.

Women fail because they do not have to succeed; they fail because they lead contingent lives and depend for their satisfactions upon pleasing some one else; they fail because their men do not want them to succeed; they fail because they seldom have wives; they fail because they are like the legendary Atalanta. This beautiful maiden, while running the customary foot race with the latest of many suitors, was unable to resist the third of the three golden apples he cast at her feet. She stooped to gather up the strange toy and coming at last to the myrtle tree found the cunning suitor there before her. And when upon that first smiling morning after her wedding Atalanta's old nurse had chid her because she had lost the race which she could certainly have won had she cared enough, even though she had paused to gather all the apples, Atalanta put her quickly out of the room as she whispered finally, "Do not think that I was vanquished—I was diverted."

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